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THE SEA-WITCH:

—OR,—

THE AFRICAN QUADROON.

A STORY OF THE SLAVE COAST.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CANNIBALS.

The first intimation of his brother's escape from confinement reached Captain Bramble through the letter which we have already given to the reader. His rage knew no bounds; he saw at once that he was foiled completely, that he could do nothing towards his arrest, even, without casting such dishonor upon his own name as would publicly disgrace him for all time to come. In vain were all his efforts to discover the guilty assistants or assistant of the prisoner, as it was not known at what hour he escaped. Even the three sentinels on duty at the time could not be identified, though Leonard Hust's friend, Bill, did more than suspect that some trick had been played upon him during his watch, but he could say nothing about the matter without making such a case of self-crimination as to ensure punishment, and that, too, of the most sanguinary character. Leonard Hust knew this, and feared him not.

There was another party sadly disappointed in this state of affairs, one who only assumed sufficient importance to be noticed when her services were needed, but she nevertheless *felt* and suffered, probably, as much as any one of our characters. We refer to Maud Leonardo. She had found lodgings in an obscure residence in the town during the course of the trial, and had resolved to remain until the sentence was given (of the result of which no one doubted), and even until the detail of that sentence should be executed, which she had already learned would doubtless be death by hanging at the yard-arm of the ship in which he was conned. Poor girl! it was sad to think that she could gloat over this anticipated result—such was the power of her revenge.

But in the same ratio to the intensity of her secret satisfaction at the hoped-for execution of Captain Will Ratlin, whom she had once loved, but now so bitterly hated, was her disappointment, vexation and uncontrollable anger, at the idea of his escape, of which she was one of the first to learn. Captain Robert Bramble, though he did not attempt to find his brother, would hardly have believed that he would remain openly in the town, and at the mission house; but Maud reasoned more truly. It was the first thought that entered her head that he had probably gone thither to be near and with Helen Huntington, and thither she stealthily crept and watched until she saw him and thus satisfied herself. Knowing nothing of the discovery that had been made, she hastened to give information to Captain Bramble, supposing that he would take steps for his immediate arrest; but in this she was disappointed.

She could not understand the apathy which seemed to have come over the English officer who so lately had thirsted for the young commander's blood, and she went away from him amazed and dejected. In vain, thus far, had her attempts resulted as to sacrificing him whom she so bitterly despised. She had trusted to others thus far—this she said to herself, as she mused at the fruitless attempts she had been engaged in—*now* she would trust to herself. But how to do it she hardly knew. When he was under her father's roof, and she unsuspected of hostility to him, it would have been an easy matter, with her knowledge of poisons, to have sacrificed his life; but now it was not so very easy for her to find an opportunity for any sort of approach to him. But this seemed her last and only resource of vengeance, and she cared to live only to consummate it.

Actually afraid to bring his brother again to trial, for fear of a personal exposure, Captain Robert Bramble was now in a quandary; he was hooked to by the court for a conclusion of the suit he had brought, and was now so situated that he found it necessary to screen that brother whom he so bitterly disliked, from the cognizance of the authorities. Indeed, he became nervous lest the exposure should become public in spite of his efforts at concealing the singular facts. All this, of course, tended to the safety of his brother Charles, who had rightly anticipated this state of affairs in relation to the part that Robert must needs enact; he therefore felt perfectly safe in awaiting an opportunity for shipment to England in the first vessel bound thither, and it was at once agreed between Mrs. Huntington, Helen and himself, that they would go together. The period of the return of Captain Robert Bramble's ship to England was fast approaching, and passage had been offered to Helen and her mother therein, but Helen had promptly declined it, and induced her mother to do so also, though it required some persuasion to bring this result about.

Charles Bramble of course kept within doors at Sierra Leone, and did not, by exposing his person, provoke arrest. He was reading aloud to Helen a few days subsequent to his escape from his brother's ship, when the door of the room was stealthily opened, and a person stepped in.

"Well, Leonard Hust," said Charles Bramble, "what has brought you here so clothed in mystery? Art well, my good fellow?"

"Yes, very well, master Charles; but I come to tell you that you must get away from this place, for a few days at least. It is not safe for you."

"What is in the wind, Leonard, now? Have the court scented me out?"

"Yes, master Charles, and your brother Robert has agreed to deliver you up!"

"Has he?" added Charles Bramble, musing. "I did not expect that."

"Yes, sir; and I thought I would just slip over here and advise you to get off as quick as possible, for the officers will be over here in an hour or so."

"Thank you, Leonard. What is that protruding from your pocket?"

"Pistols, sir."

"Very good, Leonard, I will borrow them."

"They are yours, sir, with all my heart."

"Are they loaded, Leonard?"

"With two slugs each, sir, and as true as a compass."

These formidable preparations startled Helen, who looked beseechingly towards him whom she loved better than her own life. She came and placed a hand timidly upon his shoulder, and looked into his face with all the wealth of her heart expressed in her eyes, as she said:

"Pray, pray Charles, be cautious, be prudent for *my* sake, will you not?"

"I will, dearest," he whispered, as he leaned forward and pressed his lips to her pure white forehead. "We shall not be long separated—I feel that we shall not."

Leonard Hust, who had befriended the younger brother while the two were under the parental roof, still clung to the interest of Charles Bramble. He had already procured for him a guide —a negro runner—who knew the coast perfectly, and with him for a companion, and a small pack of provisions, and well armed, Charles Bramble determined to make his way by land back to Don Leonardo's factory on the southern coast. In so doing, he would be able not only to elude all pursuit, but would also be able to further his own pecuniary interest by settling up his affairs with Don Leonardo, and arranging matters as to the property that had been entrusted to him by the owners of the "Sea Witch."

Charles Bramble awaited impatiently the coming of the guide, until indeed he was afraid that longer delay would expose him to the arrest which he so much desired to avoid, and then telling Leonard that he would hasten forward to the outskirts of the town, where he would await the guide. Leonard Hust promised to bring him directly, and thus they parted; the younger brother, hastening towards the jungle at the environs of Sierra Leone, at length reached the designated spot, where he quietly awaited the arrival of his guide. It was quite dark before the expected individual came; but at length he did arrive, and thrusting a note into the hands of the impatient refugee, waited for orders. Charles opened the paper and read in a rough school-boy hand, that he, Leonard Hust, had intended to come to see him off, but that he could not, and that the bearer was a faithful guide, somewhat eccentric, but reliable.

Charles Bramble looked carefully for a few moments at the companion of his long and dangerous journey. He saw before him the person of a negro, slender, agile, rather below the usual height, and clothed after the style of the settlers, in pants and jacket, but with a red handkerchief bound upon the head. In a coarse, leathern belt, the negro wore a short double-edged knife and a pistol, while in his hand he held a short, sharp spear, which served for staff and weapon both, and was designed more particularly for defence against the wild animals that infested the jungle in all directions.

The guide was painted in the face after the fantastic style often adopted by the shore tribes in Africa, in alternate lines of red and yellow and white, so as to give a most strange and inhuman expression to the countenance. But Charles Bramble was familiar with these tricks of the race, and saluting the guide kindly told him his plans, and asked if he could guide him on the route. Being assured in the affirmative, he felt satisfied, and the two, by the light of the moon, which was now creeping up in the heavens, commenced their journey, intending, after passing a few leagues, to make up their camp, light their fires to keep off the wild animals, and sleep.

The resting-place was at last found, and after the usual arrangements had been completed, and a circle of fire built around them, the two lay down to sleep. Fatigue soon closed the eyes of our young adventurer, and he slept soundly, how long he knew not; but after a while he was awakened by the breaking of some decayed branches near him, and partially opened his eyes, half asleep, half conscious, when to its utter amazement he beheld, or fancied he beheld, a dozen pairs of glistening eyes peering at him from out the jungle. He did not stir, but feigning to be still asleep, he cautiously watched to see what all this meant. They surely did not belong to wild animals—those eyes!

He partially turned without moving his body to ascertain if the guide was still by him, but found that he was *gone*. There was treachery somewhere—there was danger about him—this he seemed to feel instinctively, but still, feigning sleep, he almost held his breath to listen. He soon learned by his sense of hearing that there were some half dozen or more of negroes near to him, and that he was the subject of their conversation. He could even detect his guide's voice among the rest, though the conversation was carried on scarcely above a whisper. He had on a previous voyage taken much pains to familiarize himself with the language spoken by the shore tribes in the south, and he now had little difficulty in understanding a considerable portion of the remarks which were making by the gang who were secreted in the jungle so near to where he was lying, while he pretended sleep.

He soon learned that his guide was followed by a half dozen or more of negroes, who had lately visited Sierra Leone on some business of their own, and who, in common with the guide, belonged to a fierce and warlike tribe, whose chief village was but a few leagues from Don Leonardo's factory. At first it was difficult to make out the actual purport of their scheme, though Charles Bramble could guess what he did not hear, and was satisfied that the *cannibals* intended to lead him, apparently in good faith, to the neighborhood of their village, where he was to be seized, sacrificed to some deity of these poor ignorant creatures' manufacture, and afterwards *be eaten* in council with great ceremony. All this he could distinctly make out, and certainly it was anything but agreeable to him. But Charles Bramble knew the race he had to deal with; he fully understood the fact that one white man with his wits about him was equal to cope with a dozen of them at any time, and he felt prepared.

He gathered at once that it was their intention to guide him safely until near their own village, where they would seize upon him, and from that moment make him a prisoner. Meanwhile none but his guide was to be seen by the traveller, so it was agreed, and he was to receive care and kind attention until the time appointed. Knowing all this, of course he was prepared for it, and now saw that for the present and the few coming days, he need have no alarm, and beyond that he must trust to his ready wit, personal prowess, and the indomitable courage which was natural to him. It may seem strange, but reasoning thus, he soon fell to sleep again in good earnest.

The next morning, he met his guide with frankness, and the best of feeling seemed to prevail day after day, until suddenly one evening before night had fairly set in, and the day before he had anticipated any such attempt, the negroes suddenly fell upon him, and pinned his arms, and otherwise disabled him, so that he was completely at their mercy. Already they had arrived at the environs of their village, and into it they bore him in great triumph. Council was at once held, and it was resolved that on the morrow the prisoner should be sacrificed, and cooked, and eaten! This was anything but agreeable to our adventurer, but he did not despair. Thrusting his hand into his pack, he discovered an almanac that he had brought with him from Cuba.

Turning over the hieroglyphics and singular figures, to the wonder and amusement of the negroes, he saw that on the morrow an eclipse of the sun would take place, and he immediately resolved to turn the fact to good account. He summoned the chief of the tribe and told him to his no small amazement, in his own tongue, that to-morrow, the Great Spirit that ruled the sun would put a veil over it in displeasure at the detention of his white child by them, but that as soon as they should loose his feet and arms, and set him free, the veil would be removed.

Amazed at such an assertion, the chief consulted among his brethren, and it was agreed that if the white man's story proved true, then he should be released.

At the hour appointed on the following day, the negroes were surprised and terrified to see the gradual and almost total eclipse of the sun, and attributed it to the Great Spirit's displeasure because of their detention of the white prisoner, as he had foretold. They hastened to loose his arms and to set him on his way rejoicing. They even bore him on their shoulders for leagues in a sort of triumphal march, and did not permit him to walk until they had brought him safely and deposited him with his arms and pack before the doors of Don Leonardo!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE POISONED DART.

Of course, Don Leonardo was amazed to see his friend, deeming him by this time either in an English prison or dead. He learned with amazement the part that Maud had performed, for Charles Bramble was forced to reveal to the father, who was eager to inquire after his daughter. Though Charles felt not the least compunctions of conscience as to the matter, yet he now fully realized the cause of all her enmity, though of this he said not a word to her father. Don Leonardo cheerfully joined the new-comer in completing his business arrangements, and Charles Bramble found himself the rightful owner of some eight thousand dollars in gold, the product of the goods which he had landed as his private venture, and he also took good care to forward true bills of credit to his owners in Cuba, for the specie which had been sent out by him to purchase slaves.

These business arrangements consummated, he now began to think seriously of once more revisiting the scenes of his childhood, Bramble Park. He doubted not that Helen and her mother would arrive at their own early home, which adjoined that of Bramble Park, and which, by the way, had been leased during their settlement in India, as early as he could himself procure conveyance which would enable him to reach the spot. With this idea, he eagerly scanned the horizon daily, hoping for the arrival of some craft, even a slaver, that might bear him away, either towards America or Europe, so that he might get into the course of travel.

One morning, when he had as usual gone up to the lookout and scanned the sea view far and near, he at last came down to the breakfast-room with his face quite speaking with inward satisfaction. He had seen a sail, evidently a large merchantman, and begged Don Leonardo to go up and see if together they could not make the stranger out more fully. Charles, himself, thought that she was heavy and evidently steering for the small bay on which the factory stood. But their curiosity was soon to be satisfied, for spar after spar gradually became more and more clearly defined, until at last the deck itself could be seen, and St. George's cross observed flying saucily in the breeze. The ship was a British sloop-of-war, and so it proved.

In an hour more, Captain Robert Bramble came on shore, accompanied by Helen and her mother, with Maud Leonardo. As it afterwards appeared, Maud desired to be brought back to her father, and the English ship was but performing its appointed duty in cruising on the coast; while Helen knowing that Charles had come hither, persuaded her mother that it was best to sail with Captain Bramble, rather than stop in Sierra Leone among utter strangers. For on ship-board they were under his care, and besides, as she admitted to her mother, she had good reason for supposing that Captain Will Ratlin, for thus the mother knew him still, was at Bay Salo, as Don Leonardo's factory was called on the coast. Thus it was that they were once more on this spot.

The brothers met before the collected members of the returning party and those on the shore, and regarded each other with a stern glance. It was the only token of recognition which passed between them; but Charles hastened to Helen's side, and pressing her hand tenderly, looked the words that he could not speak before others. Mrs. Huntington seemed overjoyed, too, at joining one whom she felt was a true friend to herself and daughter, and unhesitatingly evinced this feeling, while Maud and Captain Robert Bramble walked by themselves filled with bitter thoughts. Robert had at once presumed as to whither his brother had escaped, well knowing that he must here have left unsettled business accounts of great value and importance. He therefore was prepared for the meeting which took place as we have seen. The Quadroon saw Helen and Charles thus together, she saw the delight that this meeting caused to both, she was witness to the eloquent language of the eyes that beamed into each other, and then she hastened from the spot, crazed with bitterness of feeling, and full of direful purpose. Had she been observed at that moment, it would have been seen that there was danger in her. To her father's kind salute, she turned a deaf ear, and hastened into the dwelling with headlong speed.

Charles and Helen had much to say to each other. Now that he had told his love, now that the dark veil had been removed from the past that had obscured his origin, he felt confidence, and spoke with manly cheer and a light heart. The most indifferent observer would have noticed this, and it was not without its effect upon Helen, who looked brighter and happier than ever before, and the two succeeded at once in infusing a degree of cheerfulness all around them, reflected by Helen's mother and even Don Leonardo, with his heavy eyebrows and shaggy beard. Captain Robert Bramble and Maud alone seemed unhappy, and they were moody and abstracted indeed.

It was towards the twilight hour on the very day of the arrival which we have referred to, that Charles and Helen arm in arm started away from the house to the adjacent jungle, where was a pleasant trysting-place, with a seat prepared for resort from the house. Breathing into each other's ears the glad and trusting accents of true love, they sauntered slowly hither and sat down there, Helen upon the rude, but comfortable seat, and Charles at her feet upon the ground. About them grew the rank, luxuriant foliage of Africa; fragrant flowers bloomed within reach of their hands, and luscious fruit greeted the eye in whichever direction it sought. The soft air of the afterpart of the day was ladened with sweetness, and they seemed to gather fresh incentive for tenderness and love in the peculiar surroundings of the spot.

"So, you have broken off all connection with this business, and have settled your accounts with Don Leonardo, have you not?" asked Helen, of him at her feet.

"Yes, dearest, all has been done, and I shall have no more to do with the trade of this inhospitable coast, you may be assured. My only hope and desire is once more to see you and your mother safe in England, where I can make you by sacred ties my own."

Helen looked the tender response that beat in her heart, but which her lips refused to pronounce. She was very, very happy, and they talked over olden times, childish recollections, and the memories of their early home. What a charm it had to them now!

While Charles and Helen were thus engaged, two other individuals closely connected with the plot of our story were not idle. Captain Robert Bramble was now satisfied that without physical force he could not intervene between his rival brother and Helen Huntington; he would gladly have done this, but policy prevented, for he saw that in doing so, he would but gratify his revenge without approaching a single step nearer the consummation of his wishes. It was nearly the appointed date for the sailing of his ship from the station for England, and he had made up his mind to return at once to Sierra Leone, and prepare to sail homeward.

He had already taken leave of Mrs. Huntington, and was seeking her daughter to say to her farewell; the wind was fair, he would sail within the hour, and on inquiring for Helen he was told by some one that she had been seen a few moments before walking towards the jungle. The informant did not say in the company of him she so evidently loved, and Robert Bramble hastened forward in hopes that he might meet her there alone; perhaps, even once more press that oft rejected suit; he even thought as he went what he could say to her, and wondered how she would receive him. It was difficult to say what it was in his bosom which caused him so tenaciously to pursue this vain desire; his

was not the heart to die for love, it amounted almost to obstinacy. He was self-willed, and was accustomed to have his own way in all things; here he had been thwarted from the very outset.

Maud Leonardo, since her arrival home, was scarcely herself, she avoided all intercourse, spoke to no one, and locked herself in her chamber. But now she started forth intent on some purpose, as was evident from the direct and prompt step she pursued. Yes, from her window she had seen Charles and Helen wander leisurely and affectionately together towards the jungle, and to the same point she now directed her steps, though by a circuitous path. She muttered to herself as she went, and walked with unwonted speed, as though she feared to lose one moment of time. At this quick pace, she was soon hidden in the paths of the thick undergrowth and forest land.

"Hark! what sound is that?" said Helen, suddenly turning and peering into the thick foliage which surrounded the spot.

"I hear nothing," replied Charles Bramble. "It was some bird perhaps, among these branches. But why do you look so pale, Helen?"

"It is so terrible. I thought the sound was like that of one of those terrible serpents that frequent these parts, the *anaconda*, creeping towards us"

"Nay, dearest, it was but your imagination; these reptiles avoid the near approach to human habitations, and would not be likely to be here."

"There! there it is again," she said convulsively, drawing closely to his side, while both looked towards the spot from whence at that moment a sound proceeded.

In a moment more there broke forth from the clustering vines and trees the figure of a man, with a drawn sword, who hastened with lowering brow towards them! It was Robert Bramble, incensed beyond endurance at the sight which met his vision through the vista of the foliage, on his approaching the spot; he paused but for one single moment, then yieldiag to the power of his almost ungovernable temper, he drew his sword and rushed forward, determined to sacrifice his brother's life. Helen seeing plainly and instantly the state of affairs, threw herself with a scream of terror before Charles to protect him, unarmed as he was, from the keen weapon that gleamed in his brother's hand.

But strange are the ways of Providence, and past finding out. At that instant he staggered, reeled forward, and placing one hand to his forehead fell nearly at their feet!

Amazed at this, Charles and Helen both hastened to his side, but he was speechless, and ere he could be removed from the position in which he fell, life was wholly extinct. What was it that had so strangely, so suddenly sacrificed him in the midst of his felt intent? Hark! Charles starts as a shrill, low *whizzing* sound was heard close to his ear! The mystery is explained, a poisoned barb had killed his brother, entering the eye and piercing the brain, while this second one that had just whistled past his ear, had been intended for him. He turned hastily to the direction from whence the missile had come, and there stood or rather *staggered* Maud Leonardo. He hastened now to her side as she gradually half knelt, half fell to the ground. Her eyes rolled madly in their sockets, her hands grasped vainly at the air, and she muttered incoherently.

"Maud, Maud, what have you done?" asked Charles, leaning over her.

"The barb was poisoned, it—it—was meant for you!" she half shrieked. "I—I—am dying, dying unrevenged—O, this scorching, burning pain!"

"What ails you, Maud—what can we do for you?" asked Charles, kindly.

"I—I am poisoned," groaned the Quadroon, holding up her lacerated hand which she had carelessly wounded with one of the barbs intended to have killed him.

The barb she had wounded and killed Robert with, was *blown* through a long, hollow reed, a weapon much used in Africa, and the barb had been dipped in poison so subtle, rapid and sure in its effect, that the wound the girl had received accidentally in her struggle, was fast proving fatal to her. In Robert Bramble's case, it had reached a vital part at once, and had been almost instantly fatal in its effect. But Maud was dying!

"Poor, poor girl, what shall we say to your father?" asked Charles, for he knew full well the fatal poisons in which the negroes dip their tiny barbs; and he realized that the Quadroon, who was a victim to her own scheme of destruction, could not live but a few moments.

She seemed too far gone to speak now, and turned and writhed in an agony of pain upon the ground, while Helen strove to raise her head and to comfort her. The poison seemed to act upon her by spasms, and she would have a moment now and then, when she was comparatively at ease. The *lowering* darkness of her face was gone now, a serenity seemed to be gathering there, and leaning forward between the paroxysms, she held forth the hand which was not wounded towards Charles Bramble who stood tenderly over her, and said in a low, gentle voice:

"Forgive—forgive me! will you—will you not forgive me?"

"With all my heart, poor girl, I do sincerely forgive you," said Charles, earnestly.

All was not black in that human heart, the half effaced image of its Maker was there still; and Maud looked tenderly and penitently upon Helen and Charles. The former knelt by her side, and drawing the poor girl's hands together across her breast as she lay upon the ground, lifted her own hands heavenward, moving her lips in prayer as she bent over the sufferer. What little Maud knew of religious instruction, had been taught her in the form of the Episcopal church, and she now listened to the formal prayer from the litany appropriate to her situation. A sweet smile gathered over her face as Helen proceeded, and prayed for forgiveness for all sins committed; and as she paused at the close, three voices repeated the word Amen.

Charles and Helen rose to their feet, but the spirit of the Quadroon had fled!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DENOUEMENT.

The events of the past few weeks seemed to Charles Bramble more like a dream than reality; he could hardly compose his mind sufficiently to realize the serious bearings of his present situation. Of course, it was now useless longer to disguise his relationship to Robert, who had lost his life by means of the poisoned barb which Maud had intended for his brother. Charles took possession of his body, and performed all those necessary duties that his own feelings suggested, and form required. The second officer of the ship assumed the command vacated by Captain Robert's death, and as the time had now arrived for the return of the vessel to England, he sailed at once for Liverpool.

Though Charles was loth to be separated from Helen, yet he urged upon herself and mother to join the English man-of-war, in which they could secure the most comfortable and safest passage to Liverpool; while for himself, there was still left business matters which it was imperative for him to consummate before he left the region where he was. It was at last decided that the mother and daughter should improve this mode of convance home, and Helen reluctantly bade him she so tenderly loved a tearful farewell, and in secret they pledged to each other their hearts for life.

Charles Bramble watched the receding ship which contained her so dear to him, until it was a mere speck upon the waters, and then felt that it was possibly the last token he might ever see of her. The path before him was not one strewn with roses, he had serious dangers to encounter, a long voyage to make, and an unhealthy climate to endure; for he must cross the ocean, he found, in order to settle honorably with those men who had placed such unlimited faith in his integrity. But he had no ship or craft of any sort at his command, and must wait an opportunity for reaching the West Indies, doubtless, on board some vessel in the trade which he had just abandoned.

Don Leonardo seemed to little heed the death of his daughter. In fact, he did not trouble himself to inquire into its particulars, further than to understand the immediate cause. He was a sensual and intemperate man, half of whose life was passed under the effects of unnatural stimulus, and provided his appetite was not interfered with, cared little what befell others. Since the English man-of-war had sailed, his barracoons began to fill once more with negroes from the interior, and he was now prepared to ship a cargo by the first adventurer's vessel which should arrive. The funds which Charles Bramble had brought out from Cuba to Africa, were consigned to Don Leonardo, and he of course would do with the money as he pleased; he therefore proposed to charter the first vessel that came, and ship a cargo the same as he would have done in the "Sea Witch."

It was not long before one of those flat, low, dark clipper schooners hove in sight and ran into the bay. She was small, sat deep in the water, was scarcely three hundred tons burthen, but managed to stow three hundred and forty negroes with ease, and would have taken more had not intelligence from the lookouts been brought in, that a square rig was coming down the coast. Charles Bramble hesitated whether he should embark in this craft. It was consigned to his former owners, the very men he wished to meet. He might have to wait for months in order to obtain another chance, it was hardly a matter of choice with him, but became one of necessity, and he embarked accordingly.

Charles Bramble was no sooner fairly at sea than he was filled with amazement at the condition of matters on board the slaver. Himself accustomed to enforce the most rigid discipline, he here saw a perfect bedlam; a crew of some thirty people, composed of the vilest of the vile, who must have been shipped only with an eye to numbers, and no regard for character or stability. Added to this, the captain, though a man of some experience as a seaman, had no control of the crew, and was quite at a loss how to manage them. Twice was Charles Bramble obliged to interfere between the crew and the captain before they were three days at sea; and by his stern, calm will he succeeded in preventing open mutiny by the crew. The fact was, the most desperate part of the foremast hands knew very well that the money sent out to purchase slaves, was still on board in good golden doubloons, and they were secretly scheming to take the schooner, kill the officers and appropriate the gold.

Charles Bramble was accustomed to deal with such spirits; he was well-armed at all hours, and prepared for the very trouble which was to come, inasmuch as he had anticipated it. There were two mates and the captain, beside himself, who might be relied upon to stand by the vessel and the owners' rights, but they had fearful odds against them. There was also a lad who had gone out in the "Sea Witch" as cabin boy, whom Charles Bramble was now bringing back with him to his family in Cuba, the boy having escaped the massacre which occurred when the "Sea Witch" was burned, and who had been living at Leonardo's factory. On him also he felt he could rely. The boy soon discovered the mutiny that was hatching, and told the captain secretly that it would occur at the moment land was announced from the mast-head on making the islands of the West Indies.

This was all the information necessary for Charles Bramble, to whom the captain of the schooner gave up all control, to prepare for the emergency. He completely armed the four parties on whom he could rely, and bade them wait for orders from him, but when he *gave* those orders to act *instantly* and without pausing for further consideration. The crew were somewhat puzzled to see their chief officer give up even the sailing of the vessel to him who had come on board as a passenger, but they could not but also perceive that he who acted as the captain now, was a very different man to deal with, and one who knew his business. They saw that the schooner was made to sail better than ever before, that the crew were kept in their places and busy, an important thing at sea, and though they were still resolved to make the attempt, they did not like the appearance of matters.

Scarcely had the lookout after a short passage descried the first land, and hailed the deck with "land ho!" when a change was instantly observed among the crew. Captain Bramble, however, was on the watch, and so were his backers; and seeing this, he instantly called one of the ringleaders aft, and bade him sternly to lay his hand to a rope and pull it taut. The man instinctively obeyed at first, subdued by the calm, stern front of the man who addressed him, but in a moment more he ceased and turned towards the officer flatly declining duty, at the same time beckoning the hands forward to come to the quarter-deck. Captain Bramble paused one second of time and repeated his order. It was not obeyed, and in the next instant the man lay a corpse with a bullet through his brains at the feet of his officer!

This prompt punishment for a moment checked the action of the rest, but it was only for a moment when they moved aft in a body.

"Hold, where you are!" shouted the young but determined commander. "The man who advances another step dies!"

All paused, save two of the most daring of the rascals who continued to press on. Captain Ratlin now bade the mates to shoot the first man who came aft unbidden, while he marched a few paces forward, and once more bid them stand. They heeded him not, and the foremost one fell with a bullet though his heart! Captain Ratlin instantly drew a fresh weapon from his bosom and presented it at the other foremost man, "fall back, fall back, you imps of darkness, fall back, I say, or you die!"

The crew had not counted on this summary treatment, they were beaten and mastered; the culprit addressed sneaked back among the crew trembling with fear.

Captain Ratlin returned to the quarter-deck, *received fresh arms* from one of the mates, and then calmly began to issue orders for the sailing of the vessel, as though nothing had occurred to interfere with the business routine of the day. Those orders were promptly obeyed. The master spirit there had asserted its control, and established it, too; and a more orderly crew never moored a slave ship on the south side of Cuba, than were soon busily engaged in that duty after the set of sun on the day when this bold attempt at mutiny had occurred.

This little affair, which came very near to costing Charles Bramble his life, was in one sense a fortunate one, since it put him on the best of terms with the owners, who had entrusted him with the "Sea Witch," and who now pressed a gratuity of $2000 upon him for his part of the present voyage, and forwarded him safely without expense on his return voyage to England. This additional amount of funds to his already handsome sum of personal property, gave him some $10,000 dollars of ready money, which he took with him to his homestead at Bramble Park. The money enabled him not only to clear the estate of all encumbrances, but also to make his mother, now aged and bed-ridden, comfortable

But he was soon *married*, and with Helen Huntington, whose estates joined those of Bramble Park, he obtained a large fortune; but best of all, he took to his arms a sweet, intelligent and loving wife. She with whom he had played in childhood amid these very scenes, she whom he had rescued upon the waters of the ocean, she who had *loved* and *reformed* him.

THE END.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

An English lady of respectability resided for a few years after becoming a widow, with her little son, in one of the chief cities in Canada. The child had been faithfully instructed in the elements of Christian faith. He was about four years of age, very lovely and promising, and greatly caressed by the fellow boarders. An elderly gentleman in the family, Mr. B, was exceedingly fond of him, and invited him one day, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner to remain upon his knee. The ladies had retired, and free conversation ensued. The gentleman alluded to was given to expressions which ever shock a pious mind. "Well, Tommy," said one at the table, in high glee, "what do you think of Mr. B.?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "I think he did not have a good mother; for, if he had, he would not use such *naughty words*." The gentleman was a Scotchman; home and a pious mother rose, in all their freshness, to his mind. The effect upon him was overpowering; he rose from the table without speaking, retired, and was never afterward known to make use of similar expressions.—*Ch. Journal.*

SCHOOLS IN AMERICA.

I can positively affirm from personal observation, that, in point of general discipline, the American schools greatly excel any I have ever seen in Great Britain. In Canada and in the States, every suitable provision is made for the purpose of decency—a thing usually neglected in the parish and burgh school system of Scotland. I was much pleased with the arrangements in the American schools to prevent disorder, or improper interference one with another among the pupils. All are seated at small desks, not more than two together, in rows; so that the teacher can conveniently reach every seat in the school. It is customary, likewise, to cause all the pupils to enter and depart slowly and decorously, instead of being suffered, as I observe, even in some of the more pretentious schools of Edinburgh, to rush rudely out like so many wild animals.—*Wm Chambers.*

WORK.

Work is of a religious nature; work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's;" a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him; bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."—*Home Journal.*

POETRY.—Poetry is the morning dream of great minds, foreshadowing the future realities of life; it evokes the phantasms of all things before the things themselves appear; it is the prelude to thought and the precursor of action. Overflowing intellects, like Cæsar, Cicero, Brutus, Solon and Plato, begin by imagination and poetry—the exuberance of mental vigor in heroes, statesmen, philosophers and orators. Sad is his too, who, once at least in his life, has not been a poet!—*Lamartine.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STARS.

BY LIZZIE LINCOLN.

I was a weary, saddened, child,
Of aching head, and burning brow;
Then many a fancy strange and wild,
Soothed, with its whispers low.

Oft when the painful days were gone,
And twilight round her mantle twined,
And eve's first star looked forth alone,
To shed its light almost divine—

I sat and watched them one by one,
Peep out in joy beyond the sky;
Methought to cheer thee, sad and lone—
The stars were beaming from on high.

I fancied that the burning light
That fell on all around, above,
Was but a gleam, as purely bright,
From the regions of light and love.

A pathway in the ether blue,
To weary, way-worn mortals given;
A pathway for the good and true,
To soar aloft in light, to heaven.

I will not say it is not so,
I cannot crush the vision given;
It sheds a holy joy to low,
To think we see a glimpse of heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TWO HUSBANDS.

A SIMPLE LIFE-PICTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In one of our small suburban villages, lived two young men whose courses in early life ran nearly the same. Andrew Raymond and Martin Lambert were of the same age, they were apprenticed to a tin-worker at the same time, and of course they both saw their day of "freedom" very nearly together. But the coincidence of their lives did not end here. They both engaged as journeymen with their old master, and there was not a month's difference in the dates of their marriages. In many respects the two young men were alike. They both loved enjoyment, and even those rougher kinds of enjoyment which many sober people affect to hold in contempt. They both had a fair sense of honor, and were also generous and open-hearted.

The two youths had been married nearly a year, and the fact of wedded life had lost the charm of novelty, and had now become a thing of every-day life. One Friday noon Martin Lambert went into the shop and found that Raymond had already returned from his dinner and commenced work.

"Well, Andrew," said the former, the two being now alone, "how about the fun tomorrow?"

Raymond looked up from his work, and for a moment there was a troubled look upon his face, but it quickly passed away, and with a smile he returned:

"On the whole, Martin, I believe I sha'n't go."

"What?" cried the other, with an expression of mingled amazement and disappointment, "not going?"

"No—I think not."

"But what has possessed you? This morning you were all up and dressed for it."

"Why—I have altered my mind," returned Raymond, giving one or two faint raps with his mallet upon his work, as though he would rap out the cause of his decision rather than speak it.

"But what's made you alter your mind?"

Raymond hesitated, and gave several more raps with his mallet.

"Come, out with it," urged Lambert, decisively. "After you have said so much about going, and pictured out so much enjoyment that we would have, I should like to know what has turned you about in this fashion. Come—let's hear!"

"Why—I've altered my mind, that's all."

"Now look here, Andrew," said Lambert, shaking his finger, and speaking half laughingly, and half in earnest, "your wife has done all this. It's Laura that's turned your purpose. *She* has had *her* say, and you can't go now. Eh? Now don't deny it. Tell the truth. If Laura had said, 'Go,' wouldn't you have gone?"

"Well—I suppose I should," replied the other, after some hesitation, and with some show of color in his face.

"Ha, ha, ha. And let me ask you, Andrew, if your wife has already got so far advanced in generalship as that? Is it true that she has become the ruler over your liberties? Upon my soul, you had better look out. Let me just tell you that if you commence thus early to submit to the will of a wife, you'll be perfectly at her mercy in another year."

"You are mistaken, Martin," responded Raymond, with a slight show of nervousness at first, but which was quickly subdued. "Laura did not attempt to set up any will of her own at all. She simply asked me if I would not remain with her? I told her at first that we were going over to M——, to have a bit of sport, and that we should probably be gone until quite late in the evening. At first she said nothing, but I saw that she did not like the idea, and I asked her if she was opposed to it. She only said that she should be happier if I would stay with her; and she also urged me to look well to my means, and try and lay up some of my wages if possible. That was the way we talked, and at length I told her I would not go."

"Oho, ho, ho—and don't you know that that's just the way they always commence to manage?" rather roughly spoke Lambert in reply. "That's just the way my wife commenced, but it would not go down. "No, no—I'd no idea of having a wife just to be a noose upon me. I am my own man. When I want to go, I shall go, and when a wife wants to put a veto upon her husband's enjoyments she's got to find somebody else besides me. Now just pluck up the courage to tell your wife that you've concluded to go. There may be a bit of a storm, but what of that? Married men must expect such things. Come, be free, now!"

"I am, Martin. I am free. It is my desire to remain at home, and I shall do so."

"O, now don't crawl off in that way. This morning it was your desire to go, and you were loudest in praise of the plan. Now none of that."

By this time Andrew Raymond had got his feelings under subjection, and he was prepared to answer his companion with reason.

"Now, Martin," he said, laying down his mallet and looking his friend calmly in the face, "listen to me, and let reason be free from self-will. True, this morning I wished to accompany you on your scrape to-morrow, but I had not reflected upon the subject at all. I had only looked at the joy we were to have, and everything else was forgotten. I went home and told the plan to my wife. She thought before she spoke, and then she would rather have me stay at home. Her first reason was, that she wanted my company, seeing that Saturday evening is the only one in the week, save Sunday, that I can generally have to myself. Well, that was a good wish, surely. Next, she pointed out to me that I had some other sources of enjoyment to look out for, and one of them was, the ability to enter into business on my own account ere many years. Then the thing seemed resolved into this: Ought I not to find as much pleasure in the company of my wife, as in the company of others? and will not the money it would cost me to go with you to-morrow, be better applied if I lay it up for real good? I thought the matter over, and then I told my wife she should have my company. Upon my soul, Martin, the very look of joy she gave me and the kiss, were enough to make up the loss of a dozen such scrapes."

"Bah!" said Lambert. "Don't you suppose I understand their smiles and kisses!" He spoke with a forced expression, for he had left his own wife weeping not half an hour before on account of this same scrape. "But do as you've a mind to," he added. "All is, no woman fetters me."

"Nor me, either," cried Andrew, with much warmth. "Let me see that I am to be fettered, and they shall find that Andrew Raymond can be his own master. But there is another view of this question, Martin, which you overlook. When I took Laura from her quiet home to come and join her destinies for life with mine, there were obligations assumed upon both sides. I swore to care for her, to love and protect her, and now I feel some desire to keep my pledge. To my wife I look for counsel and sympathy. If she were to set up a mere whim of her own against what I felt to be reason, I should not listen to it. I would exercise the right I have to act after my own convictions. But when my wife meets me with reason—when she urges me with sound argument—or when she speaks from the promptings of her love, I am bound to listen, and I will listen, the same as I expect her to listen to me. And when I see that her reason is good, or when I even see that her happiness will be really enhanced by the act, I will conform to her wishes. The obligations of man and wife are mutual, and so should they be respected. Just suppose, Martin, that our wives should take it into their heads to be away from home every evening, and to cap the climax they should every once in a while get up a scrape and go off and spend both time and money—shouldn't we husbands be apt to ask them to stay at home at least one evening in a week?"

"Ah, my dear fellow," exclaimed Lambert, "you forget that *home* is the wife's sphere—her proper stopping-place. It is her work-shop—just as this is our work-shop."

"What makes a *home*?" asked Andrew, in reply.

"Why—it's—it's—the house we provide."

"True—and who must live there, and be there, in order to *make* it a home for a loving, faithful wife?"

"Fudge!"

"O, you can '*fudge*' as much as you please, but you can't get away from this point so easily. It takes two people to make a home for a wife, and one of those must be the husband."

At this moment some of the other hands came in, and the conversation was dropped. Saturday came, and Martin Lambert joined the party for M——. Andrew Raymond was urged to join, but he was firm. He went home early, and he spent the evening with his wife, and he was happy and contented. He went to bed with the satisfaction of knowing that he had done nothing for which he should have to repent.

And how did Lambert pass the night? He got home an hour past midnight, foul-worn and fatigued, and with his system much given to suffering from wine and tobacco smoke. His wife was unhappy—and he was unhappy. On the next morning when he arose, his head ached and his nerves were all tumultuous. He had determined not to give up one inch of ground to his wife, and so he met her with a very stern look. She was silent. For long, his face showed his pain so plainly, she asked him if he was unwell, and he told her his head ached. She, very naturally, informed him that if he had staid at home as Andrew Raymond did, his head would have been well.

"What care I for Andrew Raymond!" was the quick, angry response. "If he has a mind to be henpecked, *I* have not."

This sneer dampened all the wife's rising sympathies, and instead of ministering for her husband's pains, she went off in a "miff," and the coldness lasted a long while, each trying to magnify the offence of the other.

Of course, every reader can see just where the difficulty was. Matilda Lambert was a generous, noble girl, full of love for her husband, but yet, like the majority of us, with a speck of retaliation in her composition. At first she had tried to induce her husband to stay with her more, and not spend so much of his time abroad, but he mistook the nature of her claims. He first allowed the solicitations of boon companions to overcome the claims of the wife, and then, when that wife began to urge more strongly, and at length to hint at her claims, he flew off in a tangent with the idea that his wife would rule him. So had the trouble commenced.

Four years passed away. Andrew Raymond was now six-and-twenty years of age, and thus far smiles had been his p
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EFFECTS OF FIRE

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A SERM

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far smiles had been his portion. He had saved up money enough to set up in business for himself, but instead of opening a shop on his own responsibility, he bought a share of his employer's business, and became the "mechanical partner." At his home all was bright and joyous. He spent his leisure time with his wife and little ones, and seldom did he leave his home, save on business, except his wife could accompany him.

Axel Martin Lambert. He was also six-and-twenty. He still worked in the same shop, at the same bench, and his old companion and fellow-apprentice had now become his employer, for the elder partner would not have hired him except at the earnest solicitation of Andrew. He had earned nothing to lay up, but "lived from hand to mouth," and sometimes found himself obliged to borrow money to buy food. At his home all was discord and joylessness. There were discordant elements there. The husband still refused to be ruled by the wife—and the wife found no incentive to moral and domestic duty. And so it went on, and sorrow still brooded over the home where joy might have entered were the doors but once opened to it.

This is a simple picture, and perhaps a homely one, but it is a true one. All can see its truth, and most all have known its counterpart. How many families are made miserable just by that one false idea of *dominion!* How many husbands there are who cast off the pure affection of the wife by wilfully mistaking it for a wish to *rule*. And how many, too, who forget that the husband has his home duties as well as the wife. What—in God's name, what is the home of a wife where no husband's smile comes to light it up. What—in the name of mercy, what is the reward of the faithful wife who may not join in council for the good of home? What single ray of light shall illumine the path of that wife's labor who may not put forth her wishes in love and reason? It takes two persons, at least, to make a social HOME, and though that home is the wife's especial sphere, yet when the husband so far forgets it as to transfer his warmest smiles elsewhere, then it is a true *home* no more.

All my readers know what I mean. There are faults on all sides with erring humanity, but if *reason* and *love* could be ever placed as guardians over *desire* and *will*, how many thousand homes would be refulgent with joy, that are now draped in the sad pall of woe and misery.

EFFECTS OF FIRES ON BUSINESS.

It is a remarkable fact, that the present depressed state of business resembles that of 1837, and seems to have succeeded very similar events. Thus, the great fire in this city took place in December, 1835, and the next season, 1836, was a very unfruitful one; after which came the flour riots, one succeeding winter, dear provisions, a perfect pause in the money market, and a prostration of all regular business. During the past year, the losses paid by Marine Insurance in this city alone exceeds $12,000,000, while the losses by fire, and storms on land, have not been less than $18,000,000; and, to crown all, the crops (as in 1836) failed in many extensive districts of our country. We cannot but consider that the great amount of property destroyed by fire is a powerful element in detracting from the wealth of our country, thereby tending to retard its progress, and make our people poorer.

If we allow that only $10,000,000 per annum have been destroyed by fire since 1836, and this we think is not above the average amount, the sum total is $180,000,000 of solid wealth destroyed in that period—eighteen years. Houses, goods and grain are solid wealth. Insurance companies do not economize the wealth of our country; the payment of insurance money for property consumed by fire does not bring back that property to the community: it is gone, and never can return. It appears to us that the accumulation of the great losses by fires experienced in our country must affect all kinds of business; and this, we think, has been overlooked by those papers which have been commenting upon the causes of the present depressed state of business. We say that it is only one element of loss, but a very important one; and we fondly hope that this view of the question may lead to the adoption of more efficient remedies for the prevention of fires.—*Scientific American.*

THE FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Francis Canrobert, the successor of the Count St. Arnaud, and the commander-in-chief of the French forces, was born in the department of *Lot*. In 1835 he embarked for Africa, where he distinguished himself, and won the applause of his superior officers. He returned to France in 1839, with the decoration of the legion of honor, and in 1840 he was on duty at the camp of St. Omer. In 1841 he returned to Africa, and again signalized himself. In 1848, while the cholera was raging in the garrison of Aumale, Colonel Canrobert distinguished himself by his courage and his labors. He returned to Paris in 1850, and took the command of a brigade of infantry, and was also named to the prince president of the republic as aid-de-camp. On the 14th of January, 1853, he was appointed a general of division, and more recently he was placed at the head of the first division of the army of the East. At the battle of the Alma he received a wound, and before his departure, he was known to be occupied in profound studies, having for their object a knowledge of the theatre of war, as if he had a presentiment of his future destiny. This is the officer to whom has been confided the duty of sustaining the high honor of France, in what is likely to prove the terrible siege of Sebastopol. —*Home Journal.*

A SENSIBLE MAN.

One day the Emperor Paul, being surrounded by a large circle of Russian princes, addressed the Count Rostopchin as follows:

"How happens it, count, that you have not the title of prince?"

"Will your imperial majesty permit me to tell you the true reason?" responded Rostopchin.

"Certainly," said the emperor.

"It was," resumed the count, "because my ancestor, on his first arrival from Tartary at your court, came in the winter time."

"And what had that to do with the question?" asked Paul.

"Why, your majesty," replied the count, "in that day it was the custom to offer every newcomer the title of prince, or a fur pelisse; and my ancestor, being a man of sense, preferred a warm coat to an empty title."

The joke took, and the mad emperor laughed heartily.—*Boston Journal.*

General observations drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greatest care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our shame will be the greater, when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HUSBAND THAT WASN'T PERFECT.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

Rev. Mr. Matthews sat by the centre-table reading the paper, his wife beside him. He had that evening returned from a short excursion to a neighboring city, which had once been their place of residence, and where Mrs. Matthews had many friends, of whom, as she was a woman, she was anxious to hear.

But Mr. Matthews was not the most communicative of men, and the latest news from Russia, the state of the money market, the report of the last speech on slavery, were matters of more import to him than the message sent by Mrs. S., to his wife, and which he had forgotten to deliver, or the hundred and one little things she was wishing so much to know, and for which she was but waiting for him to finish his papers that she might ask him.

But it seemed as if he never would finish his reading, and as little Mrs. Matthew's patience was getting almost exhausted, she thought she would venture to interrupt him by asking a few questions. She received, however, nothing but monosyllabic replies, and giving up the attempt in despair, sat in silence.

He finished at last those interminable papers, and now, thought she, "he will be more sociable;" but no, he sat by the fire warming his feet, enjoying the genial heat, and thinking, doubtless, of the important events of which he had been reading. His wife was just a little vexed.

"Here he has been gone from home these two or three days, and he has hardly spoken since he got back." She had a great mind to be angry, but she was a most good-natured, sweet-tempered body, so she only drew her chair still closer to his, and laying her hand caressingly on his arm, said:

"Now hubby, please give an account of yourself; here I have been dying of curiosity all the evening, and have had a hundred questions on the end of my tongue all the while you have been reading, and now you have finished, do be agreeable for once, and tell me where you have been and what you have seen?"

"O," said he, yawning, "I have seen a great many people, and been to a great many places."

"A very general description, truly, but I like to deal more in particulars. Did you see Mrs. B.?"

"Yes."

"And Mrs. D.?"

"Yes."

"Is she coming to make me a visit?"

"I think she said she was."

"When?"

"Very soon."

"Well, what else did she say?"

"O, a great many things."

"O," said she, rising, "it is poor encouragement to talk to you, you are not all agreeable."

"Well," said he, yawning again, "I am sleepy and tired. I think I shall go to bed. I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

"I don't believe you will," said she; "it will take me full a week of hard questioning to get all the particulars I wish to know. O dear," she continued, as she folded up the papers and put by her work, "I wish I was a newspaper."

"Because you would be well read!" said her husband.

"No, but my husband would pay me a little attention."

"My husband is such a bachelor," said Mrs. Matthews, to a young friend. "Now I want him to go to this celebration; I know he detests such things, but I am not going to indulge him in such freaks. He isn't the least bit of a lady's man—a poor knight errant would he have made."

"He has his faults, like other people, then!" said her friend, laughingly.

"Yes, that he has."

"Why, I thought every woman considered her husband a piece of perfection."

"Well, let me tell you Louisa, you never were more mistaken. Now Robert is very far from being perfect, and sometimes he vexes me beyond endurance; he is so awfully calm and quiet. Nothing disturbs him. I cannot move him to indignation, incite him to jealousy, nor get up the least bit of a scene, though I try ever so hard. He knows that I love him better than all the world beside, and rests perfectly secure in that conviction; I, too, believe that he loves me with his whole soul, but still I am not satisfied. I would he were a little more demonstrative—a little more enthusiastic—a little more lover-like."

"Now Mrs. Matthews, I admire this calmness, this being undisturbed by petty trifles. I suppose you would have him frown if you smiled upon another, be perfectly miserable if you sighed, and ask you a hundred times a day if you still loved him."

"No, I am not quite so foolish. I would not have him appear like a simpleton to others."

Now perhaps one may think that Mrs. Matthews did not love her husband as she ought; but she did love him well, and was also very proud of him, for she knew well that he had good and noble qualities. The things of which she complained, were mere trifles, little eccentricities, arising from his peculiar temperament.

He was, as she had said, calm, undemonstrative and perfectly self-possessed; she was impulsive and passionate. He never expressed any great enthusiasm upon any subject, though his feelings may have been very deep, while she was all enthusiasm, giving herself wholly up to the present enjoyment. He did not show his affection by words and outward demonstrations; she had a hundred little fond, caressing ways and endearing epithets, which were lavishly bestowed upon her husband and friends—his heart was hidden deep within his bosom—she carried hers in her hand.

He was the strong deep river, she the little gushing, laughing, sparkling brook; now glancing in the sunshine, now hidden in the forest. No wonder if the little brook sometimes thought the deep river cold and unfeeling, for it never dreamed how sweet was its low music to the deep river, nor how it loved to catch its bright sparkling and watch its merry playfulness. Was it well for the little brook to be dissatisfied and wish it had never loved the noble river? Was it well to make itself miserable because the river did not sparkle and gush lightly along among the meadow flowers, and in the bright sunlight?

Or would it have been better for the river to have loved one like itself, and flowed on towards the cold, deep sea in quiet? No, the little sparkling and gushing brook was a good thing for the river; it wound itself so lovingly about its way, beguiling the weariness of its journey—it murmured to it so sweetly and gently, like a strain of glad music.

And in return, the river supported the little brook, when, in the heat of summer, it was ready to fail, and its song was hushed, and it went drearily on, sparkling no longer; then the strong, deep river came to its aid, and it drew refreshment and health from its pure, deep sources, and went on happy and merry again. True, the river sometimes did seem a little thoughtless of the brook, and consequently the brook murmured, and was sad.

Mrs. Matthews sat alone—the hour was late; she had been looking for her husband since dark, but he had not come—she was not well,—her head was aching violently. "He is cold and unfeeling," said she; "he might at least have told me where he was going, and when he would be back, but he does not think how this uncertainty and watching worries and vexes me. I don't believe he loves me at all."

Now Mrs. Matthews really in her heart believes no such thing; but just now her nerves were all unstrung, and she was not at all like herself. An hour more of waiting, and her husband returned.

"Why, Lizzie," said he, "are you sitting up for me?"

"What made you so late, Robert," said she, "and I have such a dreadful headache?"

"I attended a lecture by Mr. S., but I am sorry you stayed up for me."

He took off his overcoat and his boots, and sat down by the fire; she hid her face in her hands, and the tears fell fast upon them. He heard her sobs and went to her.

"Why, Lizzie, you are very unwell; your hands are quite hot—you did very wrong to sit up so late; you will have the headache to-morrow to pay for this. Come," said he, lifting her from the sofa, "let me give you some medicine, for you are very nervous, and then you must go to bed."

He lifted up her tear-bedewed face, and kissed her hot lips. The first sign of affection and love melted her in a moment, and he was her love, her own dear husband again.

So ask we have seen, though well-assured in her rational moments of her husband's love, Mrs. Matthews contrived by repeated doubts and misgivings to make herself quite wretched. Sometimes she was perfectly happy, and then again decidedly miserable. But through it all, Mr. Matthews kept the even tenor of his way, invariably kind to his wife, never giving her a harsh word, but still as she deemed thoughtless in many ways, very trifling in themselves, but which go to make up the sum of a woman's happiness. He supplied her with money, but never brought her any little presents, to show that he thought of her in his absence; and she, with her loving nature, thought so much of such things.

It is to Mrs. Matthews's credit to say, that she never let these things sour her temper, or cause her to reproach her husband. She was of too loving a nature for that; her heart leaped up too quickly to the sunshine to keep long in the shadow; those were but passing clouds, yet they served to render her very unhappy at times.

"You and your husband," said she one day to a very particular married friend of hers, "always seem perfectly happy in each other."

"Well, I believe," said Mrs. Merrill, laughing, "we never came to any open quarrel."

"I would give anything if I had your calm, quiet temperament, instead of my nervous, excitable one which sometimes makes me so very unhappy."

"Why I had the impression, Lizzie, that your married life was most happy."

"Well, so I am happy sometimes, and then again I am miserable."

"Is there any adequate cause?"

"I think not. I know it is my own foolishness, but I am none the less unhappy."

"Then, my friend, the quicker you overcome this foolishness the better it will be for your happiness. It is of no use to nurse and pet these feelings. There is a sort of fascination in fancying oneself miserable, and not appreciated by those we love—now this is a fancy which it is well not to cherish. I suppose now you have no doubt of your husband's love?"

"None at all."

"And you fervently love him?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I do not. But you wish that in some things he was different—he is not just what you wish in everything, but then ought you to expect perfection, or do you not suppose that you also have feelings which call for indulgence on his part? What you cannot alter, my friend, it is best to endure as cheerfully as possible—a trouble never grows any lighter by pondering upon it; bear it as well and as cheerfully as possible, and it will insensibly diminish. I suppose now there are times when you wonder at your own unhappiness?"

"Yes, it is so."

"It is not then an ever present grief or sorrow which nothing can alter. Think for a moment of the ever present and not to be alleviated misery of being united to a man without any principle, one whom you could not respect, or who had violated the laws of God and man; or one who is intemperate, who comes reeling to his home, making himself lower than the brutes; think of looking up to such as a companion for life. O there is so much real misery in the world, it seems a dreadful sin to increase it by fancied unhappiness, or by that which by a little forbearance, a little Christian charity, need not be. Be not too fastidious about these little things; your husband you have sworn before God to love and honor; let not the bond of affection be weakened by pondering upon these mere trifles, or making yourself unhappy about what need not materially affect your peace. Think of his noble qualities, of his good traits, of his strong love, and if you ever speak of these trifles, which jar upon your fastidious nerves, let it be in a gentle, loving spirit; not in a fault finding and censorious manner."

"But perhaps you do not know how trying these little things are!"

Mrs. Merrill smiled. "Your case, my dear friend, is by no means a solitary one, its existence is the cause of a great deal of the unhappiness of married life. People say that such and such persons are wholly unsuited to each other, and perhaps they are; but the question is whether a little forbearance, a little charity, a little even of that common politeness, which we give to our merest acquaintances, might not have enabled them to overlook each other's failings and to live in peace and quietness. But we expect so much from those we love, we are so exacting of our dearest friends, forgetting they are but human! Love in the first place may be blind, but by-and-by it grows alarmingly quicksighted; it finds the loved one is not perfect, and is disappointed; the faults that in another would be only smiled at, in the loved one are the cause of tears and sorrow. We think of them, and magnify them, and let them embitter our lives; we forget in them the good and the noble, and then unconsciously there springs up a coldness, and then, if persevered in, recrimination and quick words, and two hearts, which ought to have been so happy, are miserable. And, perhaps, as years pass on, the feeling settles down into a sort of mutual indifference, and they endure life, and find their happiness in other things than in each other's love, and their life is not the true and holy life which God meant the married life should be."

"And have such a horror of a life of mutual indifference."

"And it is well to have. In the statistics lately published, relative to the various qualities of connubial bliss, the list of the mutual indifferent was the largest of any. Of course, one cannot vouch for the veracity of the statement, but there is no doubt but that this class of people is very large."

"Then I suppose, as I cannot change Robert's nature, I must take no notice of these things which have such an unhappy?"

"Yes, and you will soon be surprised to see how slight and trivial they have been."

Mrs. Matthews thought of the words of her friend, and determined never more to let her husband's different temperament be a cause of unhappiness to her.

"A merry Christmas to you, sister Lizzie. A merry Christmas," and two happy faces peeped into the parlor where Mrs. Matthews and her husband were sitting.

"What have you there, sister Lucy? a Christmas present—and you, too, sister Maria? from your husbands, I suppose? how beautiful they are," said she, as she looked at the pretty jewelry and elegant shawls of the visitors.

A slight shade passed over the face of Mrs. Matthews.

"And where is your Christmas present, Lizzie?"

She turned to her husband, who sat with a book in his hand, but yet listening to the conversation.

"O," said she, gaily, all the traces of the shadow disappearing from her brow, "Robert never made me a Christmas present in his life, you don't think of such little things, do you, hubby?" continued she, looking up to him and putting her arms caressingly round his neck.

The quiet, calm man said nothing, but he had noticed the shadow on his wife's brow, and had noticed, too, how bravely she had chased it away, for Mr. Matthews was an observing man. New Year's day found a very beautiful gift upon Mrs. Matthews's table, for which you may be sure the good man was duly thanked and caressed, and called by all sorts of endearing epithets by his delighted wife.

"Lizzie," said Mr. Matthews, one morning, "your friend Sarah grows weaker every day, and I have been particularly requested to visit her this morning; will you accompany me?"

"Certainly," she replied, "poor Sarah, my heart aches for her."

"It is very sad indeed, so young, too, and with such prospects of happiness, but yet the world to which she is hastening is better and brighter than this, we should not mourn."

"But her poor mother, Robert!"

"Yes, her poor mother! the stroke must be very hard to her, so often has she been called to follow her loved ones to the tomb."

Mrs. Matthews was now ready, and they started forth, and a few minutes' walk brought them to the house of their friend.

The sick chamber was hushed and silent. The sufferer was sitting almost erect in bed, for only thus could she breathe; her cheek was white as the pillow on which it rested, her thin, wasted hands lay helpless upon the sheet, and her eyes were half closed as if she had no strength to open them.

Mrs. Matthews went to her, took the pale thin hands within her own, and kissed her deathly cheek; and then she turned away and wept, for she could not speak. Mr. Matthews was more calm, he bent his head down to hers and whispered something in her ear. The weary, drooping eyes brightened for a moment, and a look of pleasure passed over her face. In a clear, calm voice Mr. Matthews said, "Let us pray." And in that sick chamber he lifted up a fervent petition to God for peace and strength, both for her who was so soon to leave them, and for those who would be left to mourn her departure. The prayer came from the depths of a sincere and truly Christian heart, and it gave peace and comfort to those who heard it, and fell upon the ear of the dying with a soothing power, and they all felt that the chamber of death was indeed a holy place.

The dying girl pressed the hands which held hers, and the mother's heart blessed him for his earnest and comforting words.

"You have been very kind to us," said she, "in our trouble; my daughter has thought so much of your comforting words; you cannot tell indeed how pleasant you have made her last days; and the blessings of a sorrowing and heart-stricken mother will follow you wherever you go, for you have not only been a comfort to the dying, but you have also strengthened my own heart, and helped me to bear up under my load of affliction;" and the mother took his hands in her own, and bowing her head upon them wept aloud.

The weary, drooping eyes of the dying girl rested upon him with a gleam of pleasure, and seemed to speak the gratitude her tongue was too weak to utter.

Mrs. Matthews heard all and saw all, and she thought what a great and noble thing it was to be able to speak such words as these, and what a blessed thing it was to be followed by the gratitude of the afflicted and sorrowing. Was not her husband good and noble? was he not a true Christian? Was it possible she could ever wish him any different? Was it not a great thing to be able to speak words of comfort to the mourner, to gladden the sick chamber, to soothe the dying?"

She went to her home with a chastened and thankful heart; feeling that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."

"How kind and good he is," thought she, "my own true husband; truly my heart is very wicked ever to murmur or rebel."

"Well, Lizzie," said her young friend Louisa, "how is that husband of yours?"

"Quiet as ever, my dear."

"What, cannot you cure him of his faults? Haven't you succeeded in making him more lover-like and less a bachelor?"

"O, I haven't tried," said she; "I have made up my mind that he is good enough as he is."

"What am I to infer from this, that you don't love him so well as formerly, and are indifferent to those things which used to trouble you?"

"No, my dear, but that I love him better, love him, faults and all, love the calm, clear spirit which is the just counterpoise for my boisterous and unruly one. I love him ten times better than I ever did, and that's the true way, that's the way I hope you will do if you get married, which I hope you will sometime; and if you do not chance to get a husband so good as mine, still you must make the best of him, and don't sit down and make yourself miserable about those qualities which don't exactly suit you, but stick to it that you have made a good bargain, and I don't doubt you'll find something to love. And if you don't find enough that is good, just draw upon your imagination a little; it is a great deal better than making yourself miserable and unhappy."

"Then I suppose you are much happier than you used to be?"

"Yes, of course I am; and don't you think I ought to be with such a husband, for I know you envy me, I can see it in your looks?"

The friends laughed merrily, and at this moment Mr. Matthews entered the room.

"What are you so merry about?" said he.

"About you, Robert," said his wife, going up to him and putting her face up close to his and her arm around him—for she was a very loving little woman as we have said before. "Louisa has been questioning me to ascertain if we grow happier as we grow older; or in other words whether the true road to happiness is in the married state? and as she is so particular in inquiring the state of the road, I imagine she intends to travel that way."

"I suppose you encouraged her, by telling her it was all smooth and even?"

"Indeed I did, for with good company it is an easy road to travel, isn't it, hubby?"

BALZAC'S DEBTS.

No one paid his debts better than Balzac when he had the money; but no one had more extraordinary debts. A friend met him at Ville d'Avray, and wanted him to dine at the Restaurant de la Grille.

"I am not on terms with the establishment," said Balzac.

"Why so?"

"Because I owe eight hundred francs there for cutlets."

In his moments of depression he spoke of engaging in commercial pursuits.

"This miserable century being inclined to grocery," cried he, "why should not I be a grocer? Mirabeau sold cloth. I'll have a fine shop on the Boulevards, and on the sign, in letters of gold, Balzac & Co., Groceries wholesale and retail. In the shop, Madame Sand shall serve behind the counter with a white rose in her hair. At the door, Theophile Gautier shall grind coffee, dressed as a shop boy. Gerard de Nerval will weigh out the moist sugar; and I, Balzac, with apron and cap, will supervise all as master of the establishment."

This fine plan, however, fell like a castle built of cards. Balzac could not persuade his friends.

"To be shop-boy," added he, the hair should be cut a la Titus; and that rascal Theophile Gautier is silly enough to be proud of his curls."—*Home Journal.*

SHERIDAN'S LOVE OF SHAKSPEARE.

When Sheridan's goods were taken in execution in Hertford street, Mayfair, Dootan, the sheriff's officer, waited on him, as was usual in such cases, and told him that if there was any particular article upon which he set a great value, he might secrete it, or carry it off the premises.

"I thank you, my generous fellow," said Sheridan, "no, let all go, affections in my situation are out of the question; however," said he, recollecting himself, "there is one thing which I wish to save."

"What is it?" asked Dootan, expecting him to name some cabinet or piece of plate.

"Don't be alarmed," said Sheridan, "it is only this old book, worth all the others, and to me of special value, because it belonged to my father, and was the favorite of my first wife."

Dootan looked into it, and it was a dog-eared first edition of Shakspeare.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOPE.

BY P. E. HANDISIDE.

High on a tranquil billow's breast,
I saw a gallant vessel ride;
The gale had soothed the sea to rest,
And wooed it as a gentle bride.
The sails were filled, the snowy sheet
Was smiling in the softened breeze;
And like a winged bird, so fleet,
It skimmed along the untroubled seas.
'Twas like a living, breathing thing,
As full of life, and joy, and light,
As maiden beauty, in its spring
Of summer thoughts and fancies bright.

I thought me—would that gentle gale,
Thus bear it ever o'er the wave?
Would no rude whirlwind rend the sail,
No angry billow be its grave?
It kept its course in glorious pride,
And met the laughing foam that threw,
In sparkles round the vessel's side,
Its curling crests of rummer blue.
What filled its sheets with balmy breeze?
What sped it o'er, so winged and fleet?
What made the deep and roaring seas
Its snowy sail with sunbeams greet?

'Twas Hope, reclining on the shore,
That stretched her hand across the deep;
And stilled the ocean's angry roar,
And lulled the god of storms to sleep.
One hand the anchor grasped, and o'er
The main the other was spread;
The breeze that kissed Hope's temples bore
That vessel, and her image led.
No wonder, then, it seemed a thing
So full of life, and joy, and light;
As maiden beauty, in its spring
Of summer thoughts, and fancies bright!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

GIOTTO, THE CHILD OF THE CAMPAGNA.

BY GEORGE D. BARTON.

On a bright lovely evening old Bendone sat at the door of his little hovel in Italy, on the Campagna, near Rome, and looking over the wide landscape, saw how the light faded into the sky, and fell in soft, billowy shades, or slanted in golden sheafs upon the undulating surface of the plain before him; he watched how the fire flies began to sparkle and shoot up by the mounds of ruined tombs or fallen columns, where the dark grass and long bending reeds gave them a home, or counted the dusky forms of the buffaloes that grazed in distant groups or lay with wide branching horns upon the arid turf. But the beauty of the dewy night, nor the soft glitter of the stars, nor the play of the fire-flies, brought no answering mildness to his brow, nor hid from his aching heart that old age and pinching care yet held him as their own. Within, the wheel of his peasant wife had ceased to whirr, and the smothered glow of the charcoal-brazier told that their frugal meal was being cooked, and then—another day begin!

"Must it ever be?" said the old man mournfully, to himself. "Must it ever be the same—morning, noon, and night, and morn again? Why did not the good God make me like my fellow serfs, to delve from day to day, and sleep like wearied brutes when toil is done? Why have I burned and struggled to be free, to break these servile chains of want and care? Why have I hoped to reach some better goal, some nobler fate than this? O! Mater Sanctissima, was it pride that my little one should learn to read, or my poor Paula should be boastful of her darling? Jesus, have pity! But we peasants have sometimes hearts!"

The tears stood in the eyes of the old man, and rolled slowly down his cheeks.

Nature had endowed him with a soul far above his lowly lot, and the simple pleasures which filled with happy rest the lives of his neighbor-peasants, only with him palled on senses too acute not to discover their coarseness, and too sensitive and ideal not to long for joys far beyond his reach. They had one child, the little Giotto, and in him their hearts were bound wholly up as in a sheaf of sunshine. Before, for years their home had been cheerless enough, but now in their old age, the little one had come to brighten their declining years, and be at once the solace and care of their autumn days. He was a gay, frolicksome boy, the light of that lowly hut on those dreary plains.

Thus passed months and years, and Giotto grew to his tenth summer, a boy of exquisite beauty in face and form, strong and athletic, though slender as a reed. Heaven seems to plant in us a wonderful instinct, and all great natures are born and nursed in solitude. Thus Giotto reared in the haunts of solitude the germs of wonderful beauty, that in future years stamped his name upon the world, and thus he grew into a nobler lore, than old Bendone ever dreamed or felt.

One night the rain fell bitterly, and the wind, sweeping unobstructed over the level reaches of country, beat mercilessly on the isolated cabin of Bendone. The door was shut, both against the driving storm, and the cold of the inclement season, and only the light from the brazier gave a gleam, that faintly dispelled the gloom of the apartment. Giotto's head rested upon his father's knee; old Paula had laid aside her spinning, and sat with folded hands, as if tender and prayerful thoughts were in her breast, and Bendone's hand played with the curls of his darling's head.

"Thou art getting old, Giotto," he said gently, and as if his very tones kissed and caressed his child's unconscious beauty.

"Old! father!" cried the child joyously, lifting up his little figure to its fullest height.

"Very—very old," answered the poor peasant, smiling in spite of himself. "So old, darling, that poverty begins to knock at thy door, and say, 'come—work! work!'"

The child raised his large brown eyes, and did not seem quite to understand whether his father was about to tell him a fairy story, or give him one of those grave lectures he had now began to administer, but seeing he did not proceed, he drew from under the old man's blouse the dagger, commonly worn by the peasantry of that region, and commenced scratching on the wall the outlines of one of the ruined mounds that dotted the vast campagna, then finishing the summit with long straggling tufts of grass, he drew at its foot a group of the long haired buffaloes, that graze half wild upon the plains, and then in quick, bold strokes finished it in a border of graceful tendrils and curling fantastic vines. Bendone watched him closely:

"Thou lovest it!" he said.

"Yes," answered the child. "I love it and they love it; for the cattle look at me with loving eyes, and the brook sings to me, and the flowers bend to me, when I make them over again in the sand;" and the child laughed joyously to himself.

"This is all very fine," said the old man, shaking his head, "but it is full time thou wert rid of these idle fancies, and couldst do something for thyself."

"But the child is so very young!" pleaded Paula, tenderly, and she busied herself about the room that no more might be said on the subject. But Giotto was now ten years old, and so when the spring came round, it was determined he should tend the flocks of a neighboring petty landholder, and then with the early season the boy led his woolly charge out over the undulating fields, a lonely, solitary life, little calculated to dispel the wandering fancies, of which Bendone had disapproved in his heart, but cherishing his poetic soul, and delicate though healthy temperament with every breeze that swept the campagna, and every bird that warbled above his head.

Neither was he always alone: little Berdetta, the landholder's only child, found something wonderfully attracting in the gentle and manly lad; she with her little basket on her arm, he with his shepherd's staff, they wandered whither the sheep strayed, attracted by greener pasturage, or where their own fragrant fancies might lead them. Sometimes Berdetta strung those pearly shells, of which the Italian peasantry are so fond, singing with a full sweet voice, clear as the lark's, and ending with a gushing cadence, like the rush of a mimic waterfall, and then Giotto would listen with eyes lit with wonder and exultation.

But sometimes, during their midday siesta, when the cicada sang shrill and dry from the burning rocks, and the long buried mounds gave them a grateful shade, Giotto would rest his head, shaded with magnificent curls, on the knees of the little Berdetta, and they would be, half dreaming, half gazing into each other's eyes, wondering at the bright reflections that answered back from their own, and drinking in those deep and subtle passions, of which their childlike souls were as yet unconscious, though, day by day, the magnetic influence grew and deepened. They were rarely now apart. People noticed them wandering over the moors, and travellers loaded them with coins, or sang the praises of the little Giotto's-he for his beauty, she for her song!

But this could not last forever; Berdetta's father was wealthy, and his only child must be placed in a convent at the customary age, and the walls of San Pietro soon closed over the weeping Berdetta, and Giotto roamed alone.

Then came the time when nature and a burning love wrought in the soul of the young boy: his frolicksome games had left him, and old Bendone and the lonely Paula wondered and grieved at the change in the tall, sleader boy, who no longer sang at the cabin door in the long summer evenings, or joined in the winter games around the hearth. Occasionally he saw Berdetta, but at long intervals, and again his passionate thirst for sketching the objects of his daily life burned in his soul, and at night he was restless on his couch. He had carved with much care during the previous winter a rosary, which he had sent to Berdetta at her convent, and she in return had sent him a roll of roughly executed drawings and frieze work, which he had copied with all the love for the giver and the gift.

When spring came he again resorted to his old sketching ground by the brookside: there on the broad white stones, which blocked up the bed of the current, he found ample tablets for his work, and with a charred stick wrought all day, and erased his work with water from the brook, when space was needed for some new design that fired his imagination.

He was thus busily engaged towards the close of a long sultry afternoon in midsummer, the slant rays of the sun were stretching across the fields, and he was about to throw up his work and gather his flock for the night, when a stranger approached him unobserved. Struck by the beauty and grace of his attitude, and impelled by a curiosity to discover the cause of so singular an attraction, the traveller drew near, and nearer, till bending over the boy, he stood rooted with surprise at so unexpected a sight.

The work proceeded rapidly from the boy's fingers, for sunset was at hand, and old Bendone would be awaiting him by the ruined cross of Loretto, and the finishing strokes fell like magic on the rough tablet.

"Who art thou?" exclaimed the stranger, when surprise allowed him to speak.

The boy started: "I am Giotto," he said.

"And where dost thou live, and who is thy father, and wilt thou come with me?" asked the traveller, at one breath.

"The son of old Bendone," answered the child, modestly; "but I know not, seignor, whether I come with thee or no!"

The stranger gazed upon the sketch before him: it was a simple group of cattle, but drawn with such a masterly hand, that he was again wrapped in silent admiration; without saying another word, he grasped the boy's hand and cried:

"Come! take me home with thee; I must see thy father!" Then in that deep sad voice, in which any artist in Italy would have recognized the tones of Cimabue, the painter, he said, "Dost thou love it, child?"

"Indeed, indeed," said the boy, "do I not, seignor?"

"Will thou then go with me, live with me, where thou canst see paintings and statues, and learn to be a painter?"

"It will be as my father says, good seignor."

"A true child, a good child," murmured the stranger, tenderly. "Italy shall yet thank me for this."

The next day there was hurry and weeping at the peasant's cottage. Old Bendone stood with a mournful, half-exultant pride, that would not show his grief; poor Paula wept aloud, and Giotto stood half weeping with his deep home-love, but in his soul were the first stirrings of those wings of genius, that bore his name in after years around the world.

Giotto went to Florence, thence to Rome. There art opened to him her treasures, and there the beautiful soul of the shepherd-boy was filled with a new life, a burning, ardent power, whose means of accomplishment lay before him, and the nutriment of his splendid genius was supplied by the masterly hand and loving soul of Cimabue, who regarded him as the child of his adoption, and yearned towards him daily, more and more, won not only by the tender affection and respect of his young pupil, and the rapid progress of his studies, but also by that delicate and beautiful spirit of harmless mischief and youth, which characterized the earliest years of Giotto, and incidents of which the painters of the day were fond of relating.

With one of these let us finish our sketch.

After Giotto had been in Florence a year or more, old Bendone, impelled by the wish to see his child, and urged on, moreover, by Paula, had travelled thither, and, after accomplishing the journey on foot, arrived at the city early on the Sabbath morning; this was the holiday, and the city was already crowded with idlers; but the old man heeded them not, and pressed anxiously on to the house of Cimabue. Giotto was delighted,—his joy knew no bounds,—he took his father to his master's studio, who received the old man with equal pleasure. After a few hours had passed, Cimabue, thinking to please the delighted Bendone, began to paint his really majestic head, in the character of a patriarch. As the work proceeded, old Bendone kept clasped the hand of Giotto, laughing at his sprightly sallies, and caressing him with delight. The good-natured Cimabue, sharing their joy, often left them alone for a few moments. At one of these absences, Giotto, springing up, seized his master's palette, and painted dexterously a fly on the ample forehead of the painting; Cimabue coming in, uttered an exclamation of displeasure, attempting to brush away the annoying insect, which pertinaciously remained. The laughter of Giotto and his father soon discovered the trick;—his master embraced him rapturously, and Florence soon knew the story.

And this is the tale of Giotto;—but I had forgotten to say that old Bendone had brought for him a little basket, in which lay not only cakes and sweetmeats from the doting Paula, but also an ebony cross, to which was attached a chain of soft brown hair. Whom did it come from?

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MERCHANT'S GIFT.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

Joseph Warner was a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, living in princely style, surrounded by a retinue of servants and a large coterie of friends and fashionable acquaintances, many of whom had been his intimates for a series of years. He was originally in a very small way himself, and had found it necessary to succumb to a thousand humilities and inconveniences years before, that were not only excessively annoying to his naturally proud spirit, but irksome, and hard to cope with.

Twenty years previously, he was a porter in the store of a crusty old millionaire, who, though he had little sympathy for the poor and humble generally, was, nevertheless, upon certain occasions, kind and liberal to those he chanced to fancy. Upon a very hot day in mid-summer, this wealthy employer of Warner's, at that time, saw Joe (as he was then called) sweating and toiling up to his store-door with a truck-load of merchandize he had procured from a neighboring vessel of old G——'s. The employer watched his porter as he came along toward the sidewalk, puffing and struggling with his burden, and when he arrived before the door and removed his slouched hat, to pass his weather-browned arm across his heated forehead, the millionaire said, pleasantly, "Well, Joe, this'll pass for a hot day."

"Very warm, sir, very," replied Joe, looking about him to see if some other person were not addressed, instead of himself; for old G. was not in the habit of being thus familiar with his dependents.

As Joe Warner tugged and labored to remove the goods safely from his dray, his employer watched his movements, and finally said:

"Joe, what the deuce do you work so hard for?"

"For my bread, sir; and to keep the little ones together."

"How many have you?"

"Four, sir. The eldest is ten years old now, and has got to be a good deal of help to her mother."

"Well, you can do better than this, Joe, if you've a mind; and become a merchant yourself."

Joe supposed his employer to be jesting, but he answered, "Yes, sir, if I had the means to do differently, I wouldn't sweat over this dray, I assure you. But the babies must be cared for, you know, and I am content. There are plenty of men, sir, a good deal worse off than Joe Warner is, to-day."

"True,—but you can do better."

"As *how*, sir, if you please?" queried Joe.

"Do a little more head work, and less of this hard toil will be needed, Joe. Buy a cargo of sugar, for instance, and make a few hundreds or thousands of dollars by the operation, to begin with. Then go carefully, shave and save as respectably as may be necessary, according to the times, the demand, and the supply, and you'll get rich."

"Excellent advice, this, sir, and for which I am greatly obliged to you. But, perhaps, you will lay me under further obligations to your kindness, by informing me where I'm to get the means to purchase this cargo, and, consequently, to realize all these hundreds or thousands of dollars, as the case might be."

"Easiest thing in the world, Joe."

"Is it, sir?"

"You don't want any money."

"No?" exclaimed Joe, astonished. "Why, I always thought these things cost money, sir."

"True,—but still you wont want any ready money, if you follow my advice."

"Then I'll do so, surely, sir."

"Very well. To-morrow, at eleven o'clock, there is to be sold at Packet Pier, a cargo of sugar, on board the brig 'Percival.' Go down and buy it."

"What, the brig, sir?"

"No, no! The sugar."

"How much, sir?"

"The *cargo*, Joe,—the whole of it. I'll take it off your hands, at cost, if you don't want it, afterwards."

"But—the pay, sir. How shall I pay for it?"

"It is to be sold, on approved credit, at sixty days. If they ask who is your endorser, say it's *me*, Joe."

"Thank you," said Joe, feebly, and utterly at a loss to comprehend what the old gentleman was driving at.

Joe Warner went home that night, perplexed. But before eleven o'clock next day, though he did not see his employer in the meantime, he made up his mind how he should act. And at the hour of sale, he went to the dock, in his old blouse and sloached hat, direct from his ordinary labor.

There was a splendid company present at the sugar sale, for there was but little in market, and a decidedly speculative feeling was current in sugars at this time. Joe loitered along,—did not see Mr. G. there, but recognized a great many other gentlemen, who did not then care to know *him*, particularly.

"Gentlemen," said the fashionable auctioneer, rising, at length, "we have a very fine cargo of sugars to offer you here to-day, on board the Percival, and I am happy to meet so goodly a company this morning. We shall sell for cash, for all sums under five hundred dollars, and at sixty days for all purchases made exceeding that sum—with endorsed notes, as usual, to be approved by the auctioneer. And now, gentlemen, if you will give me your attention, we'll commence the sale, with the understanding that we sell five boxes, or more, as the buyer may elect when the lot is knocked off. And, to begin with, what shall I have, gentlemen, for the first lot—five boxes, or more. Speak it, gentlemen—how much?"

"Four cents," said somebody.

"Four cents, I'm offered, gentlemen! Four cents—four—four—and a quarter, and a half—thank you, sir—now five? Four and a half—three quarters, three quarters, three quarters—say five? Five I have. Five, five, five, five cents a pound," and here it seemed to stick fast. The bid was Joe Warner's, and everybody knew it. The knowing ones said, "Knock it off,—let him have it." He was a poor looking man, and evidently didn't want more than five boxes. Let him have it low, and they would thus get rid of him—and down it went.

"Name, sir?" said the auctioneer, roughly, and, at the same time, eyeing his customer, as much as to say, "you're a beauty to be here buying sugars, to be sure!"

"Joseph Warner, sir."

"O, I see, yes. Warner,—Joe Warner. How much do you take, Joe?"

"I'll take the whole, sir."

"Whole *what?*" exclaimed the auctioneer.

"The whole cargo, sir."

"The whole cargo is not selling, sir."

"Your terms were 'five boxes, or more,' I think, Mr. Auctioneer."

"Yes, yes, yes!" shouted a dozen voices, at once.

"Very well, then, if you claim it, sir."

"Of course I claim it. I take the lot, at five cents."

"And who is your endorser?"

"James G., of Market Street," said Joe, proudly, making his way through the crowd, who gathered about him.

Mr. G. was among the lookers on. The auctioneer said, "Is this so, sir?" The millionaire nodded assent, and the knight of the hammer added:

"Mr. Joseph Warner, gentlemen, takes the entire cargo, at five cents!"

A shout rang up from the multitude at this announcement, and Joe Warner soon found himself busy.

"Do you want this sugar, or any of it?" asked Joe of his employer, a few minutes after this. "I am hired to sell, at an advance, and have, at the very least, forty customers, who are pressing me with offers, sir."

"Sell it, Joe,—don't keep it over night. You can do better than I care to do for it, now. So make your hay while the sun is shining."

Warner disposed of his entire purchase before he left the dock, to half a dozen different merchants, at a handsome advance; and turning over their notes to the auctioneer, he realized the surplus from them in cash, and went home that night thirty-three hundred dollars better off than he was in the morning! He gave up portering from that day, and commenced to grow rich, off hand. He finally went into business with an established firm, as junior partner (when he had accumulated twenty thousand dollars by himself), and from that time his fortune grew rapidly, until he was now (when we present him to the reader) the master of a superb fortune, and was nearly sixty years of age.

Warner had one serious failing. He had come up from poverty to competency, and thence to great wealth, very suddenly, and he soon got to be, amid his prosperity, an emphatic *bon vivant*. His dinners were superb, his living, generally, costly, and he knew the qualities of a truffled turkey, a canvas-back, or a saddle of venison, better than any other man in town. He drank good wine, too, and at last became gouty and obese, from his creature indulgences. When he had seen nearly three-score years, he was inclined to apoplexy, though he did not pretend to believe it, and he secretly made his will.

In this document, which was prepared with great care by his accomplished attorney and legal counsellor, he provided generously for his wife and children first, and then apportioned certain liberal sums to such institutions of a charitable character as he was convinced were deserving and needy. The will was duly witnessed, signed and sealed, and placed upon the proper records.

Among the *attaches* of his household, there was a young man of three-and-twenty, who enjoyed Warner's confidence, and who entertained a secret affection for his youngest daughter, a blooming girl then nineteen years old. But Hartwell never told his love to the father, for he was poor, and dependent on the merchant's bounty for his subsistence. He was an exceedingly worthy fellow, nevertheless, and Charlotte loved him, though she never dared to say so. Her mother had higher notions for her, altogether. To be sure, *her* husband had once been a drayman and porter,—but what mattered that? He was now a rich merchant, and her daughters must wed their equals in rank, or remain in single-blessedness, if she had *her* will. The two lovers lived quietly on, therefore, loved and hoped for better prospects in the future.

Hartwell had been the faithful confidant of his employer for six long years, when, one day, greatly to the secretary's surprise, Mr. Warner said to him, when they were alone in his library, "Wallace, you're a very clever young man, and I am inclined to do something for you. What shall it be?"

"Really, sir," replied Hartwell, surprised, "I cannot dictate to you."

"You have now served me earnestly and honorably for a long time, and you have my entire confidence. Let me give you some proof of my friendship. I promise you that I know you so well, if you will propose, I will engage to respond to your wishes, whatever you may claim."

"I claim nothing, sir. You have been constantly friendly to me since I came into your employ, and I have aimed to do my duty, as well as I knew how."

"I know it, Wallace, and that is why I now speak to you as I do. You are in love with Charlotte, my daughter," continued Mr. Warner, abruptly.

"You are right, sir," said Wallace, with some embarrassment. "You have offered voluntarily to give me whatever I will ask of you. I ask you, then, to give me Charlotte in marriage," continued Hartwell, more boldly.

"Let us look at this, Wallace. Your wish is not unreasonable. Charlotte loves you—she has confessed it to her father—and I am content with this. But Mrs. Warner, though an excellent woman, is notional; she will never consent to your union with her daughter, while you are poor. Besides, you could not support her as she has been in the habit of living, and it would be hard to reduce her to the level of your present pecuniary means, you see."

"I am fully aware of this, sir, and therefore have never alluded to our marriage, even to her."

"That is considerate, Wallace. Bring me my will, from the safe, yonder. Here is my private key," said Warner, without rising from his seat. And when Wallace brought him that document, he glanced it over, and wrote upon the bottom of the sheet—dating it on the day he made the addition—the following:

"This is my codicil to my will, written by my own hand. To Wallace Hartwell, my faithful secretary and friend, I give and bequeath the marble-front house owned by me, in S. Street, in Philadelphia, with the lands and appurtenances thereunto belonging, in fee, to him and his heirs and assigns, forever; together with the sum of thirty thousand dollars in cash,—the same to be paid to him promptly, or his order, immediately upon my decease. He will marry my daughter, Charlotte; and I hereby charge my executors and administrators, named in this my will, with the faithful performance of this, my final codicil."

His attorney was sent for, the addition was duly signed and attested, his counsel was enjoined to privacy in reference to it, the addition was recorded, and, five days afterwards, Joseph Warner, Esq., was found stone dead, alone in his library! His sudden death was caused by apoplexy.

Joseph Warner, Esq., had a great funeral. All the nabobs of the Quaker city turned out, with their private carriages, and the rich merchant was followed to Laurel Hill Cemetery by a crowd of "mourners."

The attorney was called in, the relatives, witnesses, friends, and expectants, were all present, after the burial, at the opening of the will. It was a lengthy document, but it was filled with interest, from first to last, and all who were present listened with marked silence to the reading of it. Mrs. Warner never had fancied Wallace much, though she knew he was her husband's "right hand man," and she breathed freer when the attorney concluded the main provision of the will, and heard the well known signature that was affixed at the bottom of it,—for Hartwell's name had not been mentioned at all!

The attorney wiped his mouth carefully, took a long breath, and, amid the silence, continued to read, "This is my *codicil* to my will, written by my own hand," and he read the remaining portion of the document, with becoming emphasis, at the expiration of which Mrs. Warner swooned, and it was supposed, for half an hour after, by all who were present—though they did not know the cause—that Mrs. Warner had really gone to keep her husband company, in a better world than this!

Mrs. Warner came back to consciousness, and at length became resigned to accepting a secretary for a son-in-law. Charlotte Warner became Mrs. Hartwell within twelve months. They lived long and happily together, and the Merchant's Gift was duly appreciated by the fortunate and faithful secretary.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

*** All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

We shall give the opening chapters of a new novellette, entitled "The Smuggler of St. Malo." A Story of Sea and Shore," by PERTAMUS CORK, JR.

"The Pedler Pony, or the Fifty Dollar Wife," a story by FRED. HUNTER.

"The Pawnbroker's Speculation," a tale by ARTHUR REMINGTON.

"The Sunbeam lost in a Cloud," a sketch by Mrs. E. WILLMONT.

"The Commission of Cards," an historical sketch by Mrs. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"The Cemetery of Scutari," a sketch by ANNE T. WILBUR.

"Lost at Sea," a tale by WILLIAM O. EATON.

"Penney & Mel," a tale by E. A. STEWART.

"The Burial," stanzas by ADA HOWARD.

"The New Year," verses.

"Cui Bono." stanzas by JOHN H. BAILEY.

"A Union of Childhood," verses by Mrs. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"Lines to R." "Deceive me not." "Beauty." "The Recall." "Napoleon's Fame." "The Dying Boy." "The Flowers of the Vale." "Albert Morton." "Hush-a-Bish Faile." "Eyes." "There's Sorrow in the lightest Tone." "To M. E." "A Dollar or two," and "Say, is it true?"

NATIONAL MUSIC.

Somebody or other said—and we are not *quite* sure that the remark has not been quoted before, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who make its laws,"—a recognition of the power of poetry and music, than which nothing could be more emphatic. "Music is the food of love." A young gentleman who is far gone in that amiable passion, being supposed to breakfast very comfortably on quavers, dine on semibreves, and sup on a late collation of demi-semiquavers. We suppose this melodious diet is the cause of a lover's head being so full of crotchets. The soldier, too, is not insensible to the charms of music; a quick-step sends him over the ground with a light heart, and a *pas de charge* from a bugle projects him on a battery with a pleasing alacrity. Church music elevates the soul on angel wings. "A blast of thy trumpet," says the author of Vivian Grey, "and hundreds rush forth to die; a peal of thy organ, and countless thousands kneel to pray."

Such being the might of melody, almost every country has its distinct national airs. We suppose there is a nationality in the charming songs of the Chinese, though they do resemble the wailings of an infant cat, abandoned in the gutter by its feline but unfeeling parent. The Swiss Ranz de Vaches, which exerts such fascination over every true Helvetian, is a delicately individualized production. The German national airs are numerous, and we are told of the thrilling effect produced by the song of "Am Rhein" as sung by their armies on returning from the invasion of France, when regiment after regiment, and division after division, as they came in sight of the glorious stream, took up the strain, and the hollow banks reverberated for days the inspiring notes.

The French "Marseillaise" rouses our Gallic friends to deeds of immortal daring. The Scottish highlands echo melodies as plaintive and sweet as ever fell from the lips of woman. Erin has her native songs. England, Russia, Spain, Hungary, Poland, and the frozen north-land, have their popular melodies; but where are the national ballads and music of America? Where is our Beranger—our Dibden—our Moore—our Rouget de Lisle? Talk not of Yankee Doodle; that—the music, at least—did not have a national origin; and the air of the Star Spangled Banner is borrowed. We will claim no merit or influence for such strains as the following:

> "White cockade and a peacock's feather,
> Yankee boys will fight forever.
> Cornstalk rum and a piece of pork
> And we'll go down and take New York."

We always feel mortified when a musician like Jullien, or Sirakosch, or Ole Bull ("Norway's swaying pine") asks us for our national airs. We want songs that will go to the hearts of the people, and gladden them in-doors and out-of-doors, at work and at play, and inspire them with a more ardent patriotism. We want, at least, one thrilling anthem that will stand beside the "Marseillaise." The muse of Holmes has produced one lyric—"Old Ironsides"—worthy to be wedded to immortal music; and Hoffman was capable of writing songs for and worthy of the million. What we require is a fearless, gifted song-writer, who shall be the expounder in verse of the national feeling, like Beranger, and a composer who can produce accompanying melodies equally thrilling. We can't, of course, give up Yankee Doodle, which we have fairly naturalized, but we must have a companion for that time-honored song.

We despair not of a genius who shall interpret the "unwritten music" of our waves and forests; who shall give us songs, and marches, and hymns that shall breathe the soul of nationality, and ring forth strains that shall be echoed by the national heart, and bear the proud stamp of individuality.

BOSTON GIRLS IN ITALY.—Miss Adelaide Phillips has made her first appearance in opera at Milan, as Rosina, in the Barber of Seville, with brilliant success; and the part selected for Miss Elise Hensler's debut at La Scala, was Linda.

THE REASON.—"You see," my dear sir," said a fashionable parvenu, to his crony, "we puts our servants in livery so that the public can tell vich is master, vich is man. Hothervise, mistakes might happen."

REVENGE.—The Chevalier Wikoff has done the British consul, at Geneva, *brown*, in the portraiture he gives of him in "My Courtship."

THE ALLIES IN THE CRIMEA.

The English papers are beginning to talk without any reserve of the mismanagement of the British officers in the Crimea—of the failure of the transportation service, of the miserable care taken of the wounded, and the deplorable condition of the English hospitals. The Times says: "The noblest army England ever sent from their shores, has been sacrificed to the grossest mismanagement." "Fifty thousand men, or what now remains of them, are drifting with their eyes open, but hand-bound, spell-bound, towards destruction." "It will be of little use to send out reinforcements by thousands unless we take steps for their better management. As it is, they march to their graves, and begin to perish by scores from the hour they land. Misrule receives them on the beach, and wearies them, worries them, drenches them, shivers them, and so destroys them, till a few spectral figures are all that remain."

It is vain, however, to expect better things. The fault lies in the British military system. So long as commissions are obtained by favor and by purchase, just so long will blunders continue to be committed by officers, partially redeemed by the gallantry of the men, while a want of system will baffle all the liberality of the British government in furnishing supplies, clothing, medicine, and other necessaries to the troops.

Contrast the condition of the English in the Crimea with that of their allies. The French troops are in admirable condition; their rations are regularly served, their supplies arrive in ample season, and are properly taken care of and distributed, their medical staff is large and efficient, their ambulances for conveying the wounded are inimitable, and their hospitals are models of cleanliness, regularity and order. The reason of all this is, that every man who wears an epaulette in the French service is thoroughly educated for his profession, and the humblest sous-lieutenant is qualified to take command of a division, while competency and fidelity are indispensable to fill every post in any way connected with the army.

The French government has foreseen and provided for every emergency, and all its agents know how to discharge their duty. In the field, their tactics are far superior to those of the English. Every movement of the masses is executed with a celerity and precision which can only result from the army being well officered throughout. War is a science that cannot be learned in a day. Military traditions, an ever garrison and camp duty cannot have, cannot impart the requisite qualifications—it is only such institutions as the military schools and academies of France, and our own West Point, that can produce thorough officers.

SAD RESULT OF IGNORANCE.

The Detroit Advertiser relates an instance of an ox being killed and a sled broken to pieces by a railroad car, and all because the ox could not understand French. The facts of the case were these. The team, consisting of one English and one French ox, drawing a heavy load of wood, and driven by a French driver, was crossing the track when the express train of cars made its appearance. The driver, in great excitement, immediately ordered his oxen to *chuck* (the French for "haw"). The French ox understood him, and turning off the track saved himself from injury; but the English ox, having never studied the languages, pressed further on, and was instantly killed. This case should be a warning to farmers to have their oxen properly educated.

THE LATE CITY CLERK OF BOSTON.—Samuel F. McCleary, Esq. saw Washington, Adams, Jay, and Hamilton; knew Cabot, Dane, Prescott, Bigelow, and Otis; was present on Boston Common when President Washington visited our city; saw the frigate Constitution launched, and could relate personal reminiscences of Talleyrand, Louis Philippe, and Marshals Moreau, Grouchy, and Bertrand! Few men have retained their office for so long a round of years as Mr. McCleary.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA.—This distinguished gentleman, late Spanish envoy to the United States, and who married Miss Fanny Inglis, so well known and so highly respected here, is living in retirement a few miles from Paris. During the late Spanish troubles, he dyed his gray hair and eyebrows black, shaved off his beard, and escaped from Madrid, disguised as a wine merchant.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.—Almost every town in New England has sent for at least twenty-five of our Valentine Supplements, which number will be forwarded on the receipt of *one dollar*. Four persons thus joining together, and paying twenty-five cents each, obtain twenty-five elegant missives to send to their lady friends for St. Valentine's Day.

INSULTING THE PRESS.—The Grand Opera at Paris lately suspended the free tickets to editors. They in return wrote no notices of the performance, and the receipts fell off so fearfully that the manager was obliged to implore their pardon and restore their privilege.

APPLICANTS FOR OFFICE.—At the present time there are more than eight hundred petitions on file in the mayor's office from as many different native born citizens, for appointment on the Police. The whole Police force of this city consists of only about 240 men.

PUNCH.—This daring wag aims his shafts at all political abuses. The proposed enlistment of foreign mercenary troops for the English army, excites both his wit and his ire.

RUSSIA.—The emperor is forming about Moscow a second grand army of reserve. He is in earnest!

SEBASTOPOL—not yet taken!

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The Boston Savings Bank must lose $315,000 before depositors can lose a single cent.

Hard times have sensibly affected the gayety of New York. Expensive parties are few.

A single case of silks received by the Asia was invoiced at $11,000.

Christ Church, in this city, has the oldest chime of bells in the United States.

B. B. Massey, Esq., a publisher of twenty-five years standing, has retired on a princely fortune.

Uncle Sam's farm contains about 3,000,000 of square miles.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Albany is now given up at last. It is dreadful to think of it.

Single persons are more disposed to insanity than married. Old Weller thought otherwise.

T. Buchanan Read, the artist-poet, is still at Florence, writing and painting.

The Mott family of New York have been engaged in making watches for sixty-three years.

Mr. Blaney Alley, of Lynn, made twenty pairs of gaiter boots in one day. Forty Alley-gaiters!

Seven hundred hogs lately perished in the snows on Grand Island, Niagara River.

A public library is about to be established in Lynn. That pleasant little city goes ahead fast.

Coal will pour in from Nova Scotia next summer. All the Blue-nose like the treaty.

Five thousand respectable girls are to be exported to California. An excellent shipment!

Mrs. Emma R. Coe is studying law in Philadelphia. Don't she want a co-partner?

Bentley, the London publisher, paid our Irving, Prescott, and Cooper $85,000 for copy rights.

The monument to Pulaski, the gallant Pole, was inaugurated lately at Savannah, Ga.

Alvin Clark, of Cambridge, has been dubbed A. M. by Amherst College.

C. A. Barry, of this city, has lately painted a fine portrait of Mr. Keach, the actor.

Congestion of the brain is a very common disease to hard drinkers, and a fatal one.

Captain Ethan A. Allen, last surviving son of the revolutionary hero, died lately.

Two young men of Steuben, Me., lately killed nineteen ducks at one shot—not tame ones.

Members of Charles St. Church have bought Dr. Sharp's library for the Newton Institution.

Hornpouts are getting to be plenty in the Cochituate pipes—we prefer them to eels.

Boston Corner has been ceded to the State of New York. A good riddance!

THEY ARE NOT MANY.

Once in a great while the papers note the death of some aged individual, with the annexed remark, that he was a soldier of the Revolution. But such notices are now extremely rare—the grave has closed over nearly all of them, and of the few who linger, their thoughts are of their comrades, and they are longing to rejoin them. The last living witness of the deeds of the Revolution will soon have passed away. Another small body of veterans, to whom individual and national gratitude is due, still represents among us the glories of the war of 1812. For a few years longer we shall have them, and while according them that respect which is due to valor and patriotism, we should seek to gather from their lips the story of a period which will soon pass into a romantic era. The actors in great events are living histories; they tell us what books can never impart.

The late visit of these heroes to the national capital, was a deeply interesting event, and it must have been a memorable spectacle to behold them at the tomb of Washington, paying the tribute of respect to the memory of the "foremost" man of the strife of Independence. Long may these brave veterans linger to enjoy the society of friends and the love of their countrymen. They are not many—they, too, are passing away. Yet some of them, like our friend, Major Thomas Harrison, one of the bravest of the soldiers of the last war, though hardly used by the enemy's fire, enjoy a hale and hearty age, and give promise of a protracted existence. Long may they enjoy it!

DOWN ON SHANGHAIS.

There is, it is said, a police officer in Syracuse, who has a large lot of Shanghai chickens, which he don't care about *supporting* during the present high price of grain, and advertises them as stolen property, hoping some "green 'un" will come forward and claim them. You can't get rid of these birds. It is useless to try to sell them; you can't give them away; nobody will take them. You can't starve them, for they are fierce and dangerous when aggravated, and will kick down the strongest store-closet door; and you can't kill them, for they are tough as rhinoceroses, and tenacious of life as cats. We have never forgiven the man who made us a present of four of these delightful creatures.

"THE CRAYON."—This is the title of an elegant quarto, published weekly, by Messrs. W. Stillman and J. Durand, 287 Broadway, New York. It is to be devoted to art, and the first number is filled with valuable, original reading matter, comprising the first of a series of letters on landscape painting, by A. B. Durand. We wish it complete success.

RAPID GROWTH.—Fourteen years ago there was only one log hut on the site of St. Paul, Minnesota, where now there are four daily newspapers. "Now, by St. Paul! the work goes bravely on."

FEMALE ORATORY.—Mrs. Swishelm says she never knew a gifted lady orator, and that Lucy Stone is no exception. "Don't you cry, Miss Lucy."

MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.—The prisoners of this institution are said to enjoy excellent health. We believe these gentlemen have all given up the use of alcohol and tobacco.

MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson has just published "Phantom Polka," "Cascade Polka," "Reindeer Polka," and "White Swallow Waltz."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]
For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Adopted Son's Bride," a story by Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Review of Holiday Presents," a sketch by Mrs. E. WILLMONT.

"A Visit to Wakulla Spring," by ERNEST MALVERN.

"Pigtail," a poem by ALICE CARY.

"Jerusalem," verses by MARY N. DRAPER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

An allegorical representation of the month of February.

A picturesque view of a beautiful lake in Egypt, near Rosetta—Cairo.

Representation of another lake in Egypt, called Birket-el-Ginnah—Cairo.

Two large engravings, giving in striking contrast, State Street, Boston, in 1720, and the same locality in 1856.

Portrait of Edward L. Davenport, the tragedian, our distinguished townsman.

View of Savin Hill Railroad Bridge, Dorchester.

A series of pictures representing the architecture of birds, particularly those tiny creatures the Titmouse, Social Weaver-bird and Rock Swallow.

View of the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg.

And a picture of Spangenberg Fortress in Kurhessen.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

At the commencement of the present siege, Sebastopol was armed with a total of 894 guns.

Paris receives a seventh of all the foundlings of France, at a cost of twelve hundred and sixty-eight thousand francs per annum.

The net public income of Great Britain for the past year was about $276,500,000; excess of expenditures over income, $4,436,845.

A levy of ten men in every thousand is ordered in the eastern half of the Russian Empire, to be completed by the 15th of March.

A quarrel has sprung up between the king of Naples and the Jesuits on the question of the superiority of the Pope over the kings of the East.

Signora Tedesco is the principal attraction at the St. Petersburg opera. She has met with the greatest success in Norma, La Favorita, and Le Prophete.

In the letters of both English and French surgeons, serving with the forces, chloroform is declared to be of little value in the field of surgical operations.

Accounts from England mention that the booksellers are complaining of the dullness of the season. Yet the war has greatly increased the sale of the newspapers.

The railway expedition is already on its way from England, in seven steamers and two sailing ships, with all the materials for constructing a railway from Balaclava to Sebastopol.

The emperor of France has appropriated by decree, from the treasury, the sum of a hundred thousand francs, for the collection and publication of the correspondence of Napoleon I.

About 72,000,000 of friction matches are daily manufactured in France. At Paris, nearly ten thousand hands are employed in this branch of business. In one manufactory, 4,800,000 matches are daily made.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Heaven helps those who help themselves.

He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.

The wise fortify themselves by reason, and fools by despair.

A wise man never grows old in spirit; he marches with the age.

He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go a long time barefoot.

Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy. Good manners insure success.

All noble enthusiasms pass through a feverish state, and never wiser and more serene.

Our principles are the springs of our actions; and our actions are the springs of our happiness or misery.

We cannot live better than in striving to become better, nor more agreeably than in having a clear conscience.

A person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might as well sit down on a wheelbarrow, and try to wheel himself.

Poetry is the divinest of all arts, for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is deepest or sublimest in human nature.

The most sublime thoughts—beautiful and powerful figures—and pure phraseology—are found in an obsolete work, but seldom quoted, called the Bible.

There are individuals who have acquired a literary reputation without writing a line; there are others, who have a name for bravery, and never fought. The former write, and the latter fight, by proxy.

Pleasure is comparative, and enjoyment is relative; the Spanish peasant basking in the scorching sun, and rolling in the dust of his parched-up plains, is as happy as the French shepherd enjoying the balmy air, and the luxuriant vegetation of Languedoc or Provence.

Joker's Budget.

The man that "flew into a passion" is said to have used the "wings of imagination."

A Married Lover.—A hen pecked husband declared that the longer he lived the more he was smitten.

They make sandwiches in Australia by putting a piece of leather between two shingles. The price depends on the supply of old boots.

What is the difference between a butcher's patron and the butcher himself? Why, the one wants his meats and the other meets his wants.

Recreation in Natural History.—A young gentleman of a lively turn, sent his slow friend to an ornithologist for a Yellow hammer to drive a nail.

A merchant, not over conversant with geography, on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed: "Jeopardy, Jeopardy, where's that?"

Some one asks: "Why is it probable Cowper was very poor?" and answers, when we "give it up," because he "*sh'd* for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"

The only difference between ancient and modern fasting is, that in ancient times they sat in sackcloth and ashes, while in modern times they sit in broadcloth and sashes.

"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then why did you tell Anne, this morning, to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, my dear."

A writer in the Home Journal, says of Mrs. Bodestein (late Julia Northall): "She is an angel in a church choir, especially if you can see her *hallelujah* expression of eyes when she sings."

Familiarity breeds indifference. A printer's wife never reads a newspaper, while the man who was born to wealth, can never understand how a love of dollars can ever make people set a higher value on doubloons than they do on billiards.

Quill and Scissors.

Probably the only manufacture in the northern States, which is carried on profitably at the present time, is that of Rum, and this was never before so profitable as at the present time. The distilleries all through the country have orders for many weeks and months ahead, at prices which yield them a hundred per cent. profit.

At Council Bluffs, Mo., a week or two since, a man who was sleeping with a sheriff, sixty cents out of bed before the man of the law was awake, and stealing the key of an iron safe in the building, opened the safe, and pocketed $2500 and escaped. The daring robber was subsequently arrested.

In 1853, merchandize was exported from the Atlantic States to San Francisco, to the value of $100,000,000, which was two million dollars more than exportation of domestic products from the entire country, in 1845, and more than thirty millions more than our exports in 1833.

The trade in the article of guano has increased to a vast extent. During the year 135 vessels, mostly ships of the largest class, arrived at Baltimore with cargoes valued in the aggregate at nearly three and a half millions of dollars. The total import was 69,168 tons.

The total appraised value of the imports at the port of Boston for the year 1854, was $46,430,444. The excess over the imports of 1853 was $3,168,000. This is more than double the amount entered at the Custom House ten years ago—the imports for 1844 being $22,141,788.

The report of the Adjutant General of New York says the regular State militia comprises 22,143 uniformed men, well drilled and officered, and 296,563 without uniforms. Eight hundred and ninety-seven commissions were issued during the past year.

Chicago is the greatest seaport on the Lakes. Last year the marine arrivals and departures were 10,105, and the Custom House duties amounted to $585,740. The lumber trade alone constantly employs 200 vessels.

The Three Rivers (Canada) Inquirer says that a young man named Ralph Southwood, residing in that place, recently walked four miles in twenty minutes, or at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

Charles Grinnell, Esq., of New Bedford, died in that city recently, aged 71 years. He had for many years held the position of English Vice Consul at that port, and was a highly respected citizen.

Ole Bull, lessee and manager of the Academy of Music, in New York, offers a prize of $1000 for the best original grand opera, by an American composer, and upon a strictly American subject.

Recently, in Buffalo, N. Y., a young man, aged 75, married a youthful maiden of 45—both in the rose leaf time of life. May their journey be a happy one. They have only 120 years of wisdom between them.

At the sale of Harrison Bacon's farm stock in Barre, lately, twenty of his yearling heifers sold at auction for one thousand dollars, an average of fifty dollars each.

The receipts by the whale fishery in Barnstable county, during the past year, consisted of 2910 barrels of whale oil, and 3102 sperm, of which the value is estimated at $200,000.

James M. Roche, the oldest practical printer in Delaware, died at Wilmington, recently, aged 74 years. He worked at his case almost constantly up to the time of his decease.

The total receipts at Baltimore, during the last year, of Cumberland and anthracite coal, amount to 630,000 tons, which is 100,000 in excess of the previous year.

The Nashville Whig of the 6th ult. says, there are 100,000 bales of cotton on the banks of the Tennessee river, awaiting an opportunity to get down to market.

We see it stated that a day or two since a "horn pout," weighing nine ounces, was taken from a Cochituate water pipe at the north part of the city.

The largest cannon in the world is said to belong to this government, and to be now lying in Alger's foundry yard at South Boston.

Probably no woman living is more perfect mistress of the *manege* than Mad. Tourneire, who has been performing at the Howard.

Groceries of the "most unimpeachable character" are advertised in this city, not a thousand doors from our office.

There is another railroad war raging in Erie, Pa., similar to the one last year, and on the same account.

The amount of "bonnty money" paid to the militia of this Commonwealth for the year 1854, was $52,071.

Longworth, the richest citizen of Cincinnati, is said to dispense charity with a noble and liberal hand.

Theodore Parker thinks people are too extravagant. That's just what people think of him.

The salt crop of Key West during the past year amounted to seventy thousand bushels.

Marriages.

In this city, by Bishop Eastburn, Mr. W. Wirt Hill to Miss Emilie S. Allen.

By Rev. Dr. Bigelow, Mr. George H. Kent to Miss Hannah M. Chase.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Seward Merrill to Miss Angeline Hinckley.

By Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Amos D. Carleton to Miss Sarah A. Davis.

By Rev. A. H. Burlingham, Mr. Abraham B. Miller to Miss Abby A. Terry.

By Rev. Rufus Ellis, Mr. George L. Dodd to Miss Caroline A. Stanton.

By Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Samuel B. Hobart to Miss Annett Snow.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. Russell B. Knapp to Miss Mary W. Jones.

At Charlestown, by Rev. J. B. Miles, Mr. John B. Williams to Miss Lydia W. F. Gilmore.

At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Joseph A. Davis to Mrs. Anna L. Gregory.

At Reading, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Albert Jenkins to Miss Mary E. Fuller.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. Charles B. Hoyt to Miss Caroline F. Atwood.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. William S. Brown to Miss Caroline Pike.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. James, Mr. Joseph Stockwell to Mrs. Caroline Hildreth.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. John Lawrence, 32; Mrs. Arthia M. Edwards, 21; Mrs. B. Baker, 67; Mrs. Ruth Ernst, 56; Captain John Williams, 67; Mrs. Mary Crispin, 94; Mr. John Lawrence, 64; Mrs. Elizabeth Pond, 1; Mr. Caleb F. Wheet, 26.

At Charlestown, Emma Jane, daughter of Mr. Alvan Kenrick, 10 years.

At Dorchester, Mr. Edward A., son of Mr. E. A. Williams, 22.

At Brookline, Dea. John Robinson, 91.

At Quincy, Mr. James Kettell, 80.

At Hingham, Mrs. Susan, wife of Mr. George Wright, of Boston, 47.

At New Bedford, Mr. Charles Grinnell, 71.

At Leicester, George D. Chamon, son of the late Evi Chamon, 24 years.

At Nantucket, Miss Lydia Joy, daughter of Captain Alexander Cartwright, 19.

At Portland, Rev. Caleb B. Davis, late pastor of the Baptist Free Church, in Paris, 47.

At Freeport, Me., Mrs. Lavina, wife of Mr. John Bleth-en, 41.

At Windham, Ct., Mrs. Brewster, relict of the late Benjamin Brewster, 86.

At Philadelphia, Charles, son of Mr. Charles Heener, of Lee, Mass., 13 months.

At Lancasburg, Mrs. Meribah, wife of Mr. Russell Gibbs, 82.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TWO VISIONS.

BY M. HELEN LUCY.

I wandered out in careless mood,
One smiling summer day,
And sought the dim aisles of the wood,
Where dark grim shadows lay.
I knelt down by the little stream,
Whose waters ran so clear;
And scanned with eager wondering,
The face reflected there.

I noted that the soul of joy
Each feature seemed to fill;
I asked myself, when years go by,
Shall I be happy still?
I mused on bitter tears I'd seen
On farrowed faces flow;
It seemed to me their happiness
Was in the "Long Ago!"

The years went by with saddened heart—
I sought the wood once more,
Nor tarried till I reached the spot
Where I had dreamed before.
The self-same boughs above me hung,
As in the years gone by;
The little brook still murmured on,
But changed, I knew not why.

Once more I gazed upon the face
The waters pictured there;
The same, and yet 'twas not the same,
Now sadder and less fair.
The mantling shadows of the firs
Hung round me heavily,
And far off in the distance, I
The meadow lands could see.

It was my life—the present time
Was sad and dark to me;
For all that blighting time had left,
Was pale, sweet Memory.
They're all gone to return no more,
They who were once so dear;
But I have learned the sum of life,
A smile and then a tear.

The shades of sorrow, dark and cold,
Fall round me as I stray;
And oftentimes my weary feet
Are faltering in the way.
But there is life and light beyond,
Where death shall come no more;
There shall we meet the early lost,
On heaven's eternal shore.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WHITE HIND OF WIESBADEN.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

The mass bells were tolling, and their musical chimes floated in mellow cadences over the valleys and hillsides. Softly blew the noontide breezes, rippling the placid river, stirring the pendant leaflets of the forest, and kissing the ringlets of gentle maids, and the bared brows of noble youths, that walked solemnly together in long procession, from out the gate of Wiesbaden to the castle-chapel which stood at the summit of a grassy slope, just beyond the ruined ramparts that environed the town. It was the festival of Ascension, always held in reverence by the children of Rhineland, and celebrated each year by mass and vespers beyond the walls of each little town or more pretentious city, in which burgher and peasant joined, and often high cavaliers and ladies mingled, at once to display their piety and their rank, by "the pride which apes humility."

The procession that wended its devious way through the narrow streets of Wiesbaden, and out into the green country leas, crossing a rustic bridge which spanned a swift rivulet, and ascending toward the turret church that crowned the castle heights, consisted, firstly, of brown-vestured priests, next of serious-visaged citizens, and lastly of a score or two of white-robed girls, and young men in gay jerkins, freely bedecked with blue favors and spring-flowers. Among the latter were a young couple, who, though walking demurely in opposite ranks, contrived nevertheless to exchange ardent glances, betokening more between them than might be guessed by their youthful companions, or by the grave burghers in advance.

In truth, Armand Dietz and Groschen Vallette were as fond a pair as ever stole moonlight walks beneath the ancient castle-walls, or plucked flowers for hasty exchange at the public fountain, or blew kisses to one another as they sprinkled holy water in pious seeming at the chapel door. But, ah me! "The course of true love never did run smooth," and so it is true that Armand and Groschen had long sighed in vain for nearer communion than chance greetings, and wished devoutly in their troubled young hearts, that no such stupid things as rank and wealth were existent, but that Wiesbaden, and in fact, all the world was one charming Arcadian pleasure garden, life a perpetual holiday, and they—Armand and Groschen, master and mistress of ceremonies.

But Armand was a very poor suitor for a damsel like Groschen; at least, so thought Groschen's kinsmen, who were substantial land-owners and citizens, well-to-do in Wiesbaden, while Armand was but a peasant lad, who dwelt in the forest a league or more from the town, and supported an old mother and blind father by his daily labor as a wood-cutter. Not that the youth was not honest and frank, and withal brave and winsome to look upon in the eyes of a maiden; but such recommendations weighed little in the estimation of Groschen's wealthy relatives, who looked high for the young beauty in matrimonial prospects, and resolved that no less a gallant than some palace attendant, or perhaps the steward or intendant of one of the court nobles should have the wearing of so fair a flower as that which bloomed to fresh maidenhood under their careful training. Indeed, it never crossed the minds of the young girl's portly uncle, the ex-burgomaster, or her father, rich cloth-merchant as he was, that an humble wood-cutter had ever dared to speak to their Groschen, much less that aught of tender meaning had transpired between the two. But love waits not on burgomasters or cloth-merchants, and therefore Armand and Groschen had long since exchanged their troth, without other witnesses than the stars and solemn woods, and wild-flowers whispering to the evening breezes.

Noontide passed and vespers succeeded to high mass in the castle-chapel, and at length shadows began to advance slowly from the far-away mountains, and low murmurs of home-returning flocks on the hills, and the distant town-clocks striking the evening hours, gave signal for the gathering of pious burghers and their females, together with youths and maids, in order that the procession might descend to the gates of Wiesbaden; when suddenly, a great agitation was apparent in the crowd, and presently the white-stoled priest who had officiated at the services, came forth hurriedly, with cross in hand, and announced to the dismayed congregation that a sad event had taken place.

"The Count Albert Von Ronnberg has lost his little child, and the countess is swooning in the sacristy."

These words rang like a knell upon the ears of all present. The Count Albert, who was sojourning at the castle, was well known to all the people of Wiesbaden, and much was he esteemed on account of his generous character and open-handed liberality, of which many present had received the benefit. But more than her lord was the gentle countess loved, for she, the good people averred, was an angel indeed, whose ministering presence bore peace to the troubled and relief to the afflicted whithersoever it turned. And the beautiful child Wilhelm, only scion of the noble pair, an infant of but three years—how many kisses had been pressed during that Sabbath day, upon the forehead of the sweet babe, by old and young among the assembled worshippers in the castle-chapel! how many heartfelt blessings had been invoked by fond mothers and thoughtful sires upon the dear favorite of them all—the infant heir of Ronnberg. And was this blossom, this morning-glory of the castle, withered and dead forever?

"Not dead, good priests—praised be God! not so bad as that. But the child is lost—missing; and the nurse can find no trace of him."

O, that relieved the swelling hearts of the multitude, who had for a moment believed that the death-angel was in their midst. With one accord, they clustered around the pastor, and anxiously sought for further intelligence. It soon appeared that the little Wilhelm had been missing for more than two hours—lost sight of by his careless nurse, who had been left in charge of the babe during the hours when the count and countess attended vespers, and who, wandering through the castle-grounds, had fallen asleep whilst the little one gambolled on the greensward at her feet.

"The Bohemians! the gipsies!" were the first exclamations of the people, as they strove to conjecture what had become of the child! but it appeared that no strugglers of the vagabond race had been seen for months near Wiesbaden, and so apprehensions of kidnapping were dismissed at once. Little further speculation was hazarded, for the priest raised his cross, and pointing to the descending sun, said hurriedly:

"Look, friends! The night is coming, and the child must not be left to die from fear in the darkness. Haste ye all, and scour hill, dale and forest. No eye must sleep in Wiesbaden till Count Albert's darling be restored."

The people cried with one voice, "Amen!" and with one accord began to make preparations for a search. The good pastor, in view of the sudden mishap, bade no further thought be taken concerning the procession homeward, but recommended that the elder men and the women should haste to the town, and there inform the priests of what had taken place. The young men and stout burghers, on their part, began at once to disperse in different directions through the castle-grounds, and down to the river side, and away to the wood-borders that skirted the hill on which the church was built. For a very short time, the green slope in front of the chapel doors was quite deserted, but up and down on either side, could be seen knots of men pouring or hurrying to and fro, in active search, whilst their loud cries echoed from hill to valley, and were answered by other echoes in the deep paths of the forest.

Soon the sombre shades began to swallow up the last golden rays of day, and from after the town bells were heard ringing. Ere long, crowds with torches emerged from Wiesbaden gates, and hundreds of lanterns danced up and down, borne by burghers and peasants over the ramparts, up the hill, beside the river, and into the alleys and glens of the wood. Foremost of a band of citizens who beat the thickets on every side, and lifted their voices calling the name of "Wilhelm," strode the Count Von Ronnberg, father of the child, his lips apart, in agonized expectation, his eyes straining through the gathering darkness. Only once he had spoken in low tones to those around him.

"A thousand crowns to him who discovers my boy!"

No promise such as this was needed to insure the devotion and zeal of those whom the count addressed; for they felt with the stricken parent, and would have gladly risked life without hope of reward. Well knew the priest, who walked beside Count Albert, and the stout citizens on either side, that the lost child's mother lay in deadly peril, at the castle, and this alone would have inspired them with unmeasured resolution in the search. But, alas, the hours sped swiftly on, and again and again the scattered bands crossed each other's path, exchanging sad confessions of disappointment as they looked in one another's faces. Thus the midnight came, and the morning hours wore away, without trace or tidings of the lost one.

No tidings of the lost child. The town crier of Wiesbaden sallied forth with his great bell through all the streets and suburbs, and announced a princely reward for him who should be so fortunate as to restore the heir of Ronnberg. As early morn fresh squads of men went forth through the dense forest and over the meadows, and even climbed the steep rocks beyond the river. As the sun rose high in the heavens, many hundred matrons and maidens mingled with the throngs, all intent upon the one purpose which had banished slumber from a thousand eyes in castle-hall and peasant's cottages. Foremost of all the humble people was the wood-cutter, Armand Dietz, who, since the first summons of the pastor at the church-door, had devoted himself unweariedly to the search after Wilhelm. All night long, without thought of food or rest, he had traversed the river-banks and the swift streamlet's bed, the dusky woodland, casting his torch's rays into copses and ravines, and penetrating every thicket and grove; and not till noontide of the following day, did he pause in his unavailing task, and turn his slow steps toward the humble roof which sheltered his aged parents. At the hut door stood the old mother Gretta, anxiously watching for her son, and fearful that some accident had befallen him.

"Armand, Armand!" called out the dame, as soon as her glance rested upon the youth, whose holiday attire was sadly deranged and marked with many an earth-stain, whilst his long hair hung tangled from under his bruised hat. "Where hast tarried, son? Thy father hath asked a hundred times for thee, and me, thy poor mother! how hadst thou the heart to—"

But the voluble dame stopped her objurgations, as she noticed the despondent air of her son, and divined at once that some matter of more serious moment than a festival-holiday had constrained the youth's absence from his home. Armand briefly related to his mother the occurrence which had taken place, and then hurriedly requested the good woman to prepare him a morsel of food ere he should depart to resume the search for Wilhelm.

"But thou art well nigh ill, Armand. The fatigue and want of sleep will be too much. Lie down and rest, son, whilst I prepare some broth to strengthen thee."

"Tut, mother. I am hearty and well, and shame would it be for a stalwort forester to give way, when citizens and women, withal, are in search for the dear child of Herr Von Ronnberg. What, mother, dost forget how the noble countess assisted thee last Michaelmas, when thou wert stretched helpless on yonder bed, and did bathe thy forehead with her own soft hands, and gladden us all with her gentle voice? Truly mother, we were churls indeed, could we cease to remember and be generous to the Von Ronnbergs?"

"God bless the dear lady," murmured Dame Gretta. "Thou'rt a good lad, Armand, and Heaven be with thee."

So saying, she bustled about to prepare a lunch for her son, who entered the hut, and advanced toward a huge arm-chair near the single window, wherein reclined an old man wrapped in quiet slumber. It was the wood-cutter's blind father, who paralytic and feeble, was the object of Armand's tenderest care. Ten years before, old Nicholas was as hearty a woodman as ever swung axe or ranged the forest, but a lightning stroke had deprived him at once of his strength and vision, and cast him powerless upon the support of his son, at that time, a lad of but twelve summers. Nobly, however, had the brave Armand acquitted himself of the duty imposed upon his boyish years, and, aiding his mother with all the zeal and energy of a man, had contrived to sustain their humble home, and contribute not a little to the comfort of his helpless father. And it was such a son and such a youth, who, had his affection for the fair Groschen been known, would have been scornfully repulsed by the rich ex-burgomaster and cloth-merchant of Wiesbaden—ay, repulsed and driven with reproaches from the very gates of the town.

Old Nicholas slept, but the approach of Armand caused him to start uneasily, and stretch out his hands.

"My boy!" he eagerly murmured.

"Yes, dear father, "it is I," replied Armand.

"Where hast been? Why didst tarry so long? Is it not morning? Why hast not taken me with thee to the forest?"

The old blind man's pale face was full of anxious inquiry, as he uttered these words. It was his son's custom to lead him forth daily, during the sunny weather, into the old forest paths which he had been used to frequent in the season of his strength, and there to seat him on some grassy knoll, whilst the labor of wood-cutting was performed. This was the great enjoyment of Father Nicholas; for as he sat during the day-hours within sound of Armand's axe, the memories of old would crowd about the old man's heart, and he forgot ofttimes his blindness and helplessness.

"There has happened a great trouble at the castle," said Armand, in response to his father's questions; and then proceeded to inform Nicholas of what had transpired; to which the old forester listened with many expressions of sympathy. By the time this recital was concluded, Mother Gretta had prepared a bowl of black broth and bread for her son, who eagerly devoured the smoking pottage, and then rose, with a prayer, to depart and renew his search. But the old blind man hobbled likewise to his feet.

"Get me my staff, son Armand," he cried; "I must go forth with thee, boy."

"But I go far," answered the youth; and—"

"I will not stop thee, son, nor hold thee back. Let me but go to the upland knoll, where I sit and hear thee so oft, when thou laborest with the axe. There will I tarry now till the the sunset, and await thy return."

"So be it, father," answered Armand, and at once assisted the old man to prepare for his walk. Presently, all was ready, and the two sallied forth into the forest, whilst Gretta stood at the hut-door, murmuring away a prayer for lost Wilhelm, and blessings on her son, in his devoted search.

The sun had passed the zenith, and, as Armand and Nicholas advanced into the wood, they soon encountered neighbors and friends, who, to the young man's inquiries, shook their heads sadly, and muttered their prayers for the safety of Count Albert's child. At length the two reached the upland knoll, which was in the middle of wide clearing surrounded by great trees, where the sun shone warmly, and the green bank offered a soft resting-place. Here old Nicholas seated himself and bade Armand hurry alone upon his errand of love.

For an hour the blind man sat, anxiously listening to every sound that came to him from distant points of the forest. Often the shouts of men near him, and sometimes a friendly salutation by peasants who knew him well, greeted his ears, but after a while the wood and clearing around him became entirely hushed, and Nicholas knew that the people must be searching far away from where he sat. At last the blind man began to feel hungry, and drew from his pocket a portion of a brown loaf, which the provident Gretta had there deposited, and with a blessing on the frugal fare, prepared to eat. At this moment something pressed close beside him, and old Nicholas started and stretched out his hand, which came in contact with a soft round body.

"Ah," cried the forester, "it is thee, is it? Thou fearest not the old blind man? What dost want, sleek coat?"

These words were addressed, not to any youth or fair maid, but to a beautiful female deer, which, with shy brown eye turned upward toward the old man's sightless face, had approached and rubbed her velvet head against the hand which held the oaten loaf.

"Aha, thou covetest my dinner, sly one. Very well, thou shalt have a morsel in good sooth, for well I know thee, gentle hind. Thou hast ere this, discovered that blind Nicholas is no enemy of thine."

Saying this, Nicholas was about to break off a morsel of the bread for the deer, when the animal, as if quite aware of the old forester's helplessness, lifted her graceful head quickly, and seizing the loaf with her teeth, snatched it suddenly, and bounded away with her prize through the forest paths. Old Nicholas was taken quite aback, and for a moment knew not what to think; but as the hind's pattering foot-falls were lost in the distance, and the good man gave way to a cheerful laugh, and clapped his hands in enjoyment of the trick. "Ho, ho!" he cried, "thou cunning one! thou wouldst not leave the old man his dinner. Very well, we shall see when thou comest again. Who will feed thee with grass, and pat thy sleek coat? Not I, by my faith, ungrateful one!"

Then the blind Nicholas laughed, solacing himself for the loss of his meal, by promising a future chiding to the hind; for he had been used to receiving visits from the animal as he sat day by day on the knoll, and often fed her with small dry apples, or oaten cake, which she had ever before received quietly and demurely, and submitted to his caressing hand with all the patience imaginable.

It now in truth seemed very strange that the hind should become suddenly dishonorable, and decamp so gracelessly with her patron's entire dinner. Nevertheless, as she had vanished, nothing was left for the old man but to await quietly the return of Armand, and defer his next meal to the quiet cottage supper with Gretta and his son.

But hours passed on, and slumber closed the good man's eyes, till at length the sun grew low, and Armand's coming awoke him. The young woodman was haggard and appeared dispirited. The search had thus far been of no avail whatever, and most of the people had returned jaded and melancholy to their homes. With slow steps, and in silence, Armand led his father from the clearing, and together they wended their way to the little cottage where Gretta awaited them, with anxious solicitude.

That night, be sure, little sleep was had in the castle, and many hearts in Wiesbaden grieved deeply for the noble Count and Countess Von Ronnberg. Armand Dietz would fain have continued his own wandering search, but Nature refused to second his will, and he reluctantly yielded to the very necessity of repose. But all that night, as on the previous one, the woods and hills were alive with fresh companies of men; for the news of the Count Von Ronnberg's child having been lost, had spread far and wide, and summoned hundreds of people from the adjacent towns, who dragged the river, beat the thickets, and scoured the glens, but all, alas, to no avail.

Father Nicholas slept soundly, and though Gretta was stirring long before day, she would not awaken Armand, strictly sooner as he had enjoined the task upon her. "The poor lad shall sleep," said the mother to herself. "It is not right that he should kill himself in a blessed work." So she watched her son during his almost lethargic slumber, and prayed that renewed strength might be given him on the coming morrow.

At length, however, Armand started suddenly, just as daylight streaked the sky.

"O mother, mother!" he cried—"shame that I should have slept so long."

"Not at all—it is good for thee," said the voice of Father Nicholas, who just then became roused. "If thou hast slept soundly, it is well. Belike, thou shalt find the child to-day."

"What do you mean, father?" asked Armand, as he prepared to array himself.

"I have had a dream," answered the old man, "and in my dream, the white hind of the forest bore the child of Von Ronnberg on her back. Ah, truly, it was not for nothing the roguish one fled away with my oaten loaf, yestreen."

"Ah, what do you say, father? What of the white hind?" cried Armand, going up to embrace his sire, who stretched out his feeble arms.

"Mayhap the hind knows where the babe is," replied old Nicholas. "Let us soon away to the forest, son Armand, and await the sly thief of my oaten loaf!"

The young woodman's heart thrilled with a vague hope, as he heard these words, and remembered that his father had told him how the hind on the previous day had carried off his bread.

"I have been thinking, that perhaps the hind may lead us to the track of little Wilhelm," said the blind man. "She was not wont to run away, so flatly, when I caressed her."

"Let us then forth, in God's name, to the forest," cried Armand, and at once he proceeded to make ready old Nicholas and himself. In a brief time they had eaten their frugal breakfast, and together started forth for the upland knoll, which they reached ere the sun had penetrated the wood. The morning was chilly, but Armand wrapped his father in a frieze coat, and made him as comfortable as possible. Meantime, he watched from a sheltered copse near the knoll, for the coming of the white hind.

One, two, three hours, the clocks of Wiesbaden marked in the distance. By the twos and threes through the forest path, came many of the people that had been searching during the second night; but their countenances, as they passed slowly where Armand lay concealed, showed plainly that their labor had been ineffectual. Several peasants stopped to greet Nicholas, and from these, the old forester learned that the Count Von Ronnberg had doubled and trebled his offered reward, and that the Duke of Nassau himself was about to go forth with a hundred soldiers, and search every foot of earth for miles around.

"But alas," added the wearied seekers—"belike it will be of no avail, for doubtless the child is stolen or murdered by Bohemians."

Then the people passed on, whilst the sun rose higher in the heaven. At length, however, in an interval when all was still in the wood, a quick pattering of feet was heard upon the sward, and presently out sprang the white hind close to the knoll where sat blind Nicholas. The concealed Armand trembled in his hiding-place, and the old man could scarcely compose himself, as he drew forth an oaten loaf from his pocket, and began apparently to eat of it.

The deer stood for a moment with ears erect, and graceful neck arched, as if listening for intruders, and then approaching the blind man, rubbed gently against his knee. Nicholas reached forth his hand and fondled the animal, at the same time offering to feed her with his loaf. But no sooner was the bread within reach, than the hind, with a quick snap, caught it between her small teeth, and away once more she bounded, through the now worn forest path.

Not quicker, however, than Armand Dietz; not fleeter were her nimble limbs than the supple joints of the young forester, who, with leap and bound, and dash through thicket and covert, followed fast the white hind's track. Old Nicholas strained his ears, but the noise of flight and pursuit died away in the distance, and the clearing grew silent and lonely once more.

Not long, however, for now a tramp was heard echoing through the forest aisles, and presently a hundred soldiers, with side arms and furnished accoutrements glittering in the sunlight, advanced from among the trees, and passed across the knoll whereon sat Nicholas. The blind man knew then that the Duke Nassau's soldiers were upon search for Wilhelm, and lifting his voice, he called out:

"Tarry, tarry, brave soldiers! Mayhap Providence will discover the child!"

"Who is this blind old man?" asked a noble-looking officer, who, with the Count Von Ronnberg led the armed men.

"A worthy forest tenant," answered Von Ronnberg, recognizing Nicholas. "Blind father," he continued, addressing him, "what hope is there of my child?"

"The good Father of all will surely restore him," answered the old man, with a lofty expression of faith, and stretching his thin arms toward heaven, "Trust in God."

Scarcely had these words been uttered, when a distant sound echoed through the wood, and then a succession of loud cries, swelling gradually into a prolonged shout, announced some sudden occurrence. Count Albert Von Ronnberg began to tremble in every limb, though his features became rigid with deep suspense. Again the shout was heard, approaching nearer, and then a tramp and rush through the woodland paths. The soldiers, leaned from their ranks in mute expectation; old Nicholas clasped his hands, and bent forward, as if he too, strove to see, and the next instant, with a bound, Armand Dietz sprang into the clearing, at the foot of the grassy knoll. The young man's face was flushed, his limbs staggered, but no one noticed those signs. All eyes were fixed upon the lovely burthen which the forester bore upon his breast. Smiling and sunny, like an angel, with little hands upraised, there clung Wilhelm, the lost child of Albert Von Ronnberg.

Armand Dietz tottered forward and sank with his charge at the feet of Count Albert, whilst a multitude of the people crowded behind him, lifting their voices in cries of joy. Von Ronnberg was pale as death, as he raised to his bosom the beautiful Wilhelm—but as his lips pressed those of the child, and the cherub nestled in his protecting embrace, a gush of thankfulness filled his heart, and kneeling solemnly, he lifted the recovered boy above his head, and murmured in broken words:

"O God, our Father, I thank thee!"

It was all he could utter—but the multitude, moved with one spontaneous feeling, cried—"Amen, amen!"

Then Armand Dietz, recovering from his excitement, related to Count Albert and the leader of the soldiers who had been sent by Duke Nassau, how he had chased the white hind through thicket and covert, away to a narrow deep glen which escaped the search of all; and there beheld the animal enter a chasm or cove in the rocks, where, calmly slumbering on some dry leaves, lay the child Wilhelm, with a bunch of wild flowers clasped in one dimpled hand, whilst the other held the fragment of an oaten loaf—the same which the deer had snatched from the blind man's hand on the previous afternoon. But, when Armand essayed to enter the little cave, the white hind dipped his horns, and strove to prevent him, evidently esteeming herself the legitimate protector of her sleeping companion, so that the woodman received a dozen sharp scratches from her antlers, ere he could bind the chivalrous deer and recover the unconscious Wilhelm.

Strange and beautiful instinct of affection! Wonderful providence of God! that had preserved the child during two days and nights, and at last restored him uninjured arms! Count Albert embrace forester with tears of gratitude and people around made the w the name of Armand Dietz.

A happy procession walked castle-chapel to Wiesbaden; ar mand Dietz carried the de whilst the white hind, garlande gay ribbons, was led by beaut caressed by young and old day, when the Duke of Nassau castle, and Count Von Ronnb and all the nobles and burghe state, be sure that Armand D blind sire were the observed of that their bosoms throbbed duke said before all the people

"Armand Dietz, henceforth be my care!"

Now Armand was far hap when the ex-burgomaster of W brother, the cloth merchant, the greatest deference, and let with Groschen, to make love a in form with counts and duk shortly afterwards, Armand ar ed in another procession to and returned thence, happy could be, it is not strange that ly toward the deer, and wit membrance, hung garlands the neck of the graceful protect the beautiful WHITE HIND.

[Written for The Flag of o

THE SNOW SH

BY S. BOSTON EDG

Surely, there's glory in thy silen
Pursuit of earth robes glitteri
As o'er a virgin gathering thy fa
Ere she goes sailing to her q
Earth, calmly wraps thy drapes
Smiles not, nor frowns upon t
Gives thee a voiceless greeting, b
Of the wild tumults she harass

Yet, in the hush of thy autotore
See the chained night-winds it
Lift thy flakes lightly, dashing w
Countless and peerless, passi
But, if presumptuous hand caree
Softly thou yieldest to the gra
Only to answer with a chill repul
That even creeps unto the hea

It makes us mournful with thy
Our early dead—angels in hea
Once, like new fallen snow—and
Chilled the sweet purity it on
Snow of the winter night! Thy
Fragile as pure, the seal of fra
Let me but sketch thy briefly by
And if it may be, gently pene

Thou, in the sunlight of a summ
Swiftly and silently shalt soar
To gleam in gorgeous skies, Hop
Throned in a cornuet of light
Called at the dawning of a day
Since flaker on earth, is long
Nor change, nor chill shall dim
Bathed in the effulgence of et

[Written for The Flag of

THE LOVE OF A
—OR,—
THE PROPH

BY AGNES LEE

"Good-by, Allen—don't f
home," faltered a fair, lovely
her hand to young Allen Hey
of a steamer bound for Liverp
all the rest adieu with a steady
and gay, cheerful words, and
standing a little apart from t
approached her. He took her

"I shall never forget you,
go; but will you remember m

"I will try," she uttered in
to be playful and indifferent,
tholess belied the brave smile
could not meet the earnest ey
ing down upon her, and for
spoke, while he still held her h

At last a happy idea seem
for a mischievous smile deepe
his mouth, and rejoining the
his old, sportive manner:

"I think the ladies ought
memento, or talisman, again
temptations of a foreign life
"Will you take a kiss, All
friend Harry, laughingly.

"You have said it, Hal—
should have dared!"

Of course, the ladies put a
but his sister Grace—for the r
gayly commenced a search fo
a ribbon from her neck, an
glove, which he gallantly cas
to his lips, placed within his
little, careless, boyishish thin
ring upon his finger. Mary
who had nothing for him.

"I am sorry," she said, as
inquiringly, "I have nothing

"Will you allow me to jud
She bowed her head and
severed a soft brown curl f
head with a small pocket pen k

Something like a tear dimm
saw him place it reverently b
face of his mother, and then
to his bosom. A few more a
pleasant promises, a few more
the little party left the ship,
"good-by's" from the shore.

Allen Heywood stood upon
and smiling, his head uncover
waxen May wind frolicking
curls, and kissing his cheek
was enough to turn the head a
of any woman—so gay, an
smiling; so full of quick,
charming courtesy as he was.
Carroll loved him, though he
her a formal offer of his han

last restored him uninjured to his parent's arms! Count Albert embraced the proud young forester with tears of gratitude and the soldiers and people around made the wood resound with the name of Armand Dietz.

A happy procession walked that day from the castle-chapel to Wiesbaden; and in its midst Armand Dietz carried the delighted Wilhelm, whilst the white hind, garlanded and decked with gay ribbons, was led by beautiful maidens, and caressed by young and old. And, on the next day, when the Duke of Nassau rode down to the castle, and Count Von Ronnberg and his lady, and all the nobles and barghers, received him in state, he saw that Armand Dietz and his old blind sire were the observed of all observers, and that their bosoms throbbed proudly when the duke said before all the people:

"Armand Dietz, henceforth thy fortune shall be my care!"

Now Armand was far happier that evening when the ex-burgomaster of Wiesbaden and his brother, the cloth-merchant, received him with the greatest deference, and left him quite alone with Groschen, to make love as became a suitor in form with counts and dukes. And when, shortly afterwards, Armand and Groschen walked in another procession to the castle-chapel, and returned thence, happy as a married pair could be, it is not strange that they turned fondly toward the deer, and with affectionate remembrance, hung garlands of flowers around the neck of the graceful protectress of Wilhelm, the beautiful WHITE HIND.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SNOW SHEEN.

BY H. ROBSON EGERTT.

Surely, there's glory in thy silent falling,
Purest of earth robes, glittering on her breast;
As o'er a virgin gathering thy fair raiment,
Ere she goes smiling to her quiet rest.
Earth "calmly wraps thy drapery about her,"
Smiles not, nor frowns upon thy pearly folds;
Gives thee a voiceless greeting, but no token
Of the wild tumults she beneath thee holds.

Yet, in the hush of thy untutored coming,
See the chained night-winds linger in the lull;
Lift thy flakes lightly, dallying with the jewels
Countless and peerless, "passing beautiful!"
But, if presumptuous hand caress thee,
Softly thou yieldest to the grasp in part;
Only to answer with a chill repellant,
That even creeps unto the buoyant heart.

It makes us mournful with thy sad remindings!
Our early dead— angels in heaven they are;
Once, like new fallen snow—and Death's wing shadow
Chilled the sweet purity it could not mar!
Snow of the winter night! Thy glory
Fragile as pure, the seal of frailty wears;
Let me but sketch thy briefly brilliant story,
And if it may be, gently pencil theirs!

Thou, in the sunlight of a summer morning,
Swiftly and silently shalt soar away,
To gleam in gorgeous skies, Hope's bow adorning,
Thrown in a cornest of light—and they,
Called at the dawning of a day eternal,
Snow flakes on earth, in heaven shall jewels be!
Nor change, nor chill shall dim their holy beauty,
Bathed in the effulgence of eternity.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LOVE OF A LIFETIME:
—OR,—
THE PROPHECY.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

"GOOD-BY, Allen—don't forget us here at home," faltered a fair, lovely girl, as she gave her hand to young Allen Heywood, on the deck of a steamer bound for Liverpool. He had bade all the rest adieu with a steady lip, bright smiles and gay, cheerful words, and she was the last, standing a little apart from the others when he approached her. He took her hand.

"I shall never forget you, Mary, where'er I go; but will you remember me?"

"I will try," she uttered in a voice that strove to be playful and indifferent, but which nevertheless belied the brave smile upon her lip. She could not meet the earnest eyes that were looking down upon her, and for a moment neither spoke, while he still held her hand.

At last a happy idea seemed to strike him, for a mischievous smile deepened the corners of his mouth, and rejoining the group, he said, in his old, sportive manner:

"I think the ladies ought to give me some memento, or talisman, against the trials and temptations of a foreign life—a ringlet or—"

"Wont you take a kiss, Allen?" broke out his friend Harry, laughingly.

"You have said it, Hal—it is what I never should have dared!"

Of course, the ladies put a veto on this, all but his sister Grace—for the rest, they forthwith gayly commenced a search for gifts. One took a ribbon from her neck, another flung him a glove, which he gallantly caught, and pressing to his lips, placed within his bosom; another, a little, careless, haydenish thing, put an emerald ring upon his finger. Mary was the only one who had nothing for him.

"I am sorry," she said, as he looked at her inquiringly, "I have nothing suitable."

"Will you allow me to judge?"

She bowed her head and blushed, while he severed a soft brown curl from the drooping head with a small pocket pen knife.

Something like a tear dimmed her eye as she saw him place it reverently beside the pictured face of his mother, and then restore the locket to his bosom. A few more adieus, a few more pleasant promises, a few more hand clasps, and the little party left the ship, and waved their "good-by's" from the shore.

Allen Heywood stood upon the deck, bowing and smiling, his head uncovered, and the wild, wanton May wind frolicking with his brown curls, and kissing his cheek into blushes. He was enough to turn the head and witch the heart of any woman—so gay, and handsome, and smiling; so full of quick, warm feeling and charming courtesy as he was. No wonder Mary Carroll loved him, though he had never made her a formal offer of his hand. But would he be true to her? Would not the very qualities which endeared him to society prove her worst enemies?

O, Mary, do not look so confidently at that gay, fascinating figure, which the steamer is fast bearing away from your vision. Turn away, and forget him, as in all probability he will you amid the dazzle and shine of foreign splendor. He is young, rich, handsome and impulsive. You are none of these—that fair, expressive face is not beautiful or dazzling in its quiet loveliness. That form is too petite to be royal and majestic; turn away and gather up courage! But the smile upon her lip is full of loving faith; her step elastic with hope as she walks silently homewards.

There was a small party that night at one of her young friends, and Mary, agreeably to her promise—for her inclination would have detained her at home—attended.

"We shall have some rare fun, Mary," said her young hostess, Anna Hanton, as she met Mary at the door, "for Monsieur Dunois, that old French juggler and fortune-teller, has promised to come."

"What an absurd idea, Anna!" exclaimed her elder sister, lifting her eyes from the flowers she was assorting, in aristocratic disdain.

"Absurd or not, lady Arabel, he's coming, for papa said so. For my part, I do like something amusing at parties, something besides this everlasting polking and schottishing. And you are so muck up, Bel, everybody knows that your parties are the stupidest things in the world. I heard Harry Gordon say of the last one, that it was a terrible stiff affair, and he was bored to death."

The color deepened with anger on Arabel's round cheeks, and an angry retort was on her lip, when gentle Mary Carroll interrupted it with:

"O, you naughty little Anna, why not tell the whole—that he should be bored to death at fashionable parties, 'were it not for one star—charming Arabel Hauton.'"

The angry color faded from Arabel's cheek, and the sharp word was left unsaid, while Mary, the peace-maker, linked her arm within Anna's, and went up to the dressing-room.

It was rare fun, indeed, as the giddy Anna had predicted. Pierre Dunois, besides his accomplishments as juggler and seer, was a wit of no mean order, and even the stately Arabel was fain to acknowledge his amusing powers. The fortune-telling was left until the last, and many a gay, young heart beat high as the prophetic words fell upon her ear. At the commencement of the oracles, Mary Carroll had withdrawn from the group, and stole off to the conservatory, near which they stood. She had always had a repugnance, a secret dread of having the future predicted, and now with the sweet memories of the day busy at her heart, she shrank from any prophecies which should disturb this dream. She scarcely owned that she believed them, but she knew enough of herself to be aware that it was best to keep aloof from any such amusement, if she wanted an untroubled heart. But Gracie Heywood, missing her brother's favorite from the group, exclaimed:

"Where's Mary Carroll? Say, Mary, where are you?" and poor Mary had nothing to do but emerge from her retreat.

"Ah, Miss Modesty, you thought to escape, did you? But we sha'n't let you off so easily, so don't spare her blushes, *monsieur*, but tell us all you know of her—sweethearts," rattled on the lively Grace, as she drew her companion up to the seer.

Pierre Dunois took the slender white hand in his, and spread out the rosy fingers till he had a fair view of the soft, pink palm. The look of mirth and sarcasm vanished from his face, and an expression of deep interest, for the first time that evening, was visible.

"Lady, you will be deeply disappointed in one you love—faithless and forgetful, he will win the love of a titled dame, less fair, and far less pure than the one he leaves; but you will have your revenge—in the same foreign clime you will be wooed and won to a station, far above the high-born woman, that of a loved and honored wife."

Mary had long ago learned to control her emotions, so that those who saw the same calm smile upon her lips, with perhaps a little deeper color, knew not of the fearful forebodings that agitated her heart, as Pierre Dunois relinquished her hand. What was it to her now, that in after years she should be a loved and honored wife, if Allen Heywood was to prove false to her? She heeded not the happiness which came from other hands than his. She was beginning early to learn the misery of those words—"Faithless and forgetful."

It was the first of May in Florence—soft, sunny Florence, redolent of luxury and oppression. Gay groups, pedestrians, and elegant vehicles loaded with fair freights, moved along the Casino at the fashionable hour. Among the horsemen was a young man in a plain English citizen's dress, yet remarkable for his singular beauty and elegant carriage.

"Look! 'tis the young American," said a handsome girl, in Italian, as he rode past. "One can see that he is a gentleman by the way he carries himself."

"Hush, Bianca! he will hear you."

But the object of their remarks neither heard nor saw the speakers. He was evidently in search of some one, for the restless blue eyes wandered in disappointment from each fair occupant of the elegant vehicles. Presently the color flashes warmly up the fair, almost pale cheeks—the eager, searching expression gives place to an excited satisfaction, and spurring his horse to a gallop, he reins up at the side of a coronet-ed carriage, with his uncovered head bowed to his horse's neck. The lady within is the beautiful and brilliant Marchesa B——. She greets her young admirer with graceful cordiality, and for an hour he paces beside her window, conversing in the sweet sedu tive Italian, or listening to the music of the band.

Allen Heywood—for it is he as you have guessed, dear reader—goes home that night from a tete-a-tete supper at the Marchesa's, his head and heart bewildered by those magical attractions. Long after midnight he is sitting by the open window of his room, striving in vain to cool the fever of his brow by the balmy breeze of Italy.

It is five years since he bade adieu to America—the mist of forgetfulness is slowly overclouding its memories. Leaning his forehead on his hand, he gave himself up to dreams of the past. For the first time for many months, a pang of remorse shot through him, as he contrasted his present life with the one he had left behind. Sinking his head upon his clasped hands, he said aloud, almost unconsciously, those beautiful lines of our American poet:

"O, memory! fragrant with the bloom
Of heather bells and roses."

The energy of his own voice startled him, and with a half shiver he turned to close the lattice. As his hand rested on the sill, he saw for the first time a bunch of forget-me nots, freshly gathered, and emitting a fragrance so home-like and bygone that the tears started to Allen's eyes, and his lip quivered with emotion. The first thrill of feeling over, and then came a wondering surprise as to the giver, and the means by which it was placed upon the window sill; he was sure he had given the key to Antoine when he went out in the morning, and the servant had said no one had been admitted during his absence. It was very singular, certainly. He turned them round in the bright moonlight, and for a moment the thought of the Marchesa flashed upon him, but he dismissed the idea with a smile. She would never send a modest bunch of forget-me-nots. Perhaps it was the gift of the pretty flower-girl, who sells him such exquisite bouquets every day? No, there was something so unassuming, so utterly regardless of artistic skill and taste in this simple cluster of pale, blue flowers, he felt sure it must have some hidden meaning unconnected with the Marchesa or a flower-girl. "Who knows but there is a note concealed in the fastening?—such things often happen in this romantic, reckless Italy!"

"Good Heaven! what does this mean?" he ejaculated aloud, as tearing off the paper about the stems, he saw a long silken tress of bright brown hair, so like, so startlingly like, the one he remembered to have severed from Mary Carroll's young head years agone, that the perspiration started to his brow, and parting his hand to his head, he thought: "Am I dreaming?"

No; he still held the rippling curl between his fingers—a tangible reality. With a sudden impulse, he searched about amid old relics and love-tokens, until he finds the very locket containing his mother's picture and that ring of soft brown hair, lying close against the pictured face. He remembers the gay jests about the talisman that was to keep him from temptation. How often had he thought of them! It might have been remorse, and it might have been a tenderer feeling that caused him to slip the black ribbon about his neck, and conceal the locket in his bosom. A half blush stole over his face as he did so, for Allen Heywood had long left behind him any little romance or sentiment that bright-ens his youthful days, and it was done, and who may say but the sweet sleep—sweeter than he had known for months, might not have been won by this same talisman?

"Where has my truant bid himself?" asked the Marchesa, in silvery Italian, as Allen, after a week's absence, again sought her presence. A faint color tinged his cheek, as he made some evasive reply.

The Marchesa looked unusually lovely. A week's absence of her young American admirer had acquainted her with the true state of her affections, or, rather, ambition, for he was a *bon parti*, and her own fortunes were in a ruinous state.

Passionately fond of music as Allen was, the rich, cultivated voice of the Marchesa, as she poured forth her bird notes, captivated him anew. The wily but fascinating woman saw her advantage, and began warbling in his own tongue, sweetly and brokenly, Burns' "Bonnie Doon."

It was a *chef d'œuvre* of feminine policy. What her own brilliant music had failed to accomplish, this little simple air had brought about, and Allen was utterly subdued when she turned her liquid eyes upon him. There was sadness, timidity and love in that passionate gaze, and bending over her, he grasped the small, jewelled hand, which still rested on the harp, and carried it to his lips. He felt that she was already won, that he had but to speak to seal the bond; but as he stooped still lower to catch a glimpse of the coquettishly-averted face, the locket, which he had lung round his neck the night before, fell out, and striking against his hand, the golden lid flew open, and disclosed the sweet, sad face of his mother, encircled by that golden ring of hair, like a halo. Blessed talisman! it brought him back to reason and reality, and involuntarily he loosed his warm grasp upon the hand in his. The Marchesa saw this little scene, and the sudden cooling of her ardent admirer, and with great womanly tact, she put out her hand for the miniature as he was restoring it, and in her ordinarily gracious tones, as if no tender little episode had just occurred, said:

"Nay, allow me to see it."

Without placing it in her hand, he touched the spring, and held it before her.

"Your lady-love?"

"No—my mother."

"And this ring of hair?"

She was looking at him with a bland, yet scrutinizing gaze.

"A friend, lady."

A low, silvery laugh escaped from the Marchesa's lips.

"Nay, nay! young cavaliers don't carry locks of bright hair about, unless it belongs to some sweetheart."

Allen did not reply; she had touched a tender chord. For a moment the lady regarded him with a sad, sorrowful gaze, and as he at last looked up and met it, she laid her hand upon his, and said in subdued accents:

"Signor is homesick. I know what that is; I felt it when in France. Let me sing you something of home, and then we will say *adieu*."

It was indeed of home she sang in that syren voice—"Home, Sweet Home." Faultless and sweet were those tones, but it was, nevertheless, a bad stroke of policy for the lovely Marchesa. As the well-known melody and words struck upon his ear, the dreamy expression of pleasure disappeared, and a bright, sharp, awake look came over his face.

What did *she* know of "home, sweet home?" He looked around the old palace-room, and remembered what crowds he had met there—what men he still meets there almost nightly; and with all these the Marchesa is as gracious as with him. He remembers, too, the women he had met there—countesses and duchesses, with their painted cheeks, and characters which no paint could brighten; he remembers all this, and shudders with an inward thanksgiving at his escape. Ay, sing away, beautiful Marchesa! with those rose cleft lips, those drooping eyelids, and arms displayed to admiration on the shining harp strings; but you might as well sing to the Dead Sea, for Allen's thoughts are in his far away America, listening to the words:

"Good-by, Allen—don't forget us here at home."

"Where did this come from, Antoine?"

The servant looked up at the bunch of forget-me-nots, which Allen held in his hand, with wondering amazement, and disclaimed all knowledge of it.

"Are you certain no one has obtained the key to my rooms in my absence?"

"Sure, signor."

"Well, you may go.—I suppose it's all magic," he said, laughingly to himself, after closing the door.

Magic, indeed, it seemed, when day after day, on his return from a walk or drive, a fresh bunch of the same flowers greeted him. He tried every means but one to ascertain the bringer, and this last he determined to put into execution as soon as possible.

It was on the Sabbath, and after breakfasting in his own room, he prepared himself for going out as usual; but instead of leaving the room, he opened and shut the door with considerable noise, and turning the key, placed it in his pocket, and silently, as if velvet shod, stole back to the soft cushions of the lounge in a cool, dim corner of the room, and took up a book to while away the time, while he patiently awaited the solving of the mystery.

The morning flew by—the dinner hour came; yet there was no evidence of its being explained. Once or twice he had been startled by a gay laugh, or the footsteps of some neighbor, but it brought not the result for which he waited. He was determined to persevere, however, although a smile played about his lips at his own tenacity. The long golden hours dragged heavily by, and the afternoon was half spent with no signs of a visitor.

Allen's head began to droop to the inviting cushions, and a gentle drowsiness stole over him, when a slight noise, like the lifting of a latch, aroused him. It was the door of his own room, he felt sure, though it did not seem to proceed from that direction, yet none other could have the sound of nearness. Again it came distinctly, accompanied by a gentle violence, and Allen, with wondering eyes, beheld the panel of the partition, on the same side where he was reclining, slide softly back and admit a female figure clad in white muslin.

It is well he is hid in that shadowy corner, for a sudden start, almost a spring, would otherwise have betrayed him. As it was, he with difficulty suppressed his emotion, until his fair visitor had placed a bunch of forget-me-nots upon the table, then flinging down his book, he bounded to her side, and putting his arm around her waist, exclaimed: "Mary! dear Mary! can it be?"

The color left her pale cheek, then left it as white as marble. Gently as a mother, he supported the half fainting figure to the lounge, and whispered in her ear words of assurance, mingled with tender, endearing epithets, half in Italian, half in English. As the rosy blood again returned to her face, and restored her to animation, she withdrew somewhat proudly from his clasping arm, and straightening her slight form with gentle dignity, said:

"Allen, I have come here to win a recreant lover back again, but your mother's last words to me when we parted, three months since in America, were: 'Win Allen home to his mother and sister, Mary.' I did not know when my uncle engaged rooms for us here, that you were an inmate, and accident only revealed it to me. My parlor, as you see, adjoins your own, and one day while laying away my bonnet in the closet, I heard distinctly your voice in conversation with your servant. It occurred to me as strange that I could hear so plainly; but a day or two afterwards I struck my foot against what seemed to be a small bolt. Curiosity led me to examine it, and I knew from the stillness in your room that I could do so safely without fear of interruption. I found it, as you have seen, a secret communication with this room—the rest you know. The daily gift of forget-me-nots was prompted by the thought that they might win you to your boyhood's home with their sweet voiceless language, and away from this luxurious, aimless life. Your mother and Grace will be glad if I have had any such influence."

"Mary dear—best beloved Mary!" and he laid a detaining hand upon her arm, as she rose to go, "I will not ask of you to feel no thrill of gladness that Allen Heywood is reclaimed from the follies of a foreign life. I know I do not deserve a place in that dear heart. Yet, listen to me before you leave me."

With a slight blush, she said:

"In my own parlor I will listen to you, Allen. We women of America are more scrupulous in the conventionalisms of society than Italian dames."

Within the charmed precincts of this parlor, where everything bespoke the sweet womanly tastes of the fair occupant, Allen Heywood plead his cause, and was forgiven.

"And how came my Mary to wander away off here with no one but her uncle Robert?" questioned Allen, as he sat with those slender fingers clasped in his.

"My health failed; and you know I was always a favorite with Uncle Robie, and he insisted upon my going to Italy with him. I believe the physician told him it was the only thing,—I needed."

"'*The only thing that would save you*,' Mary; I understand; you need not hesitate. Think you I do not deserve this pain? Merciful Heaven! and you would have died! I believe all these five years I have been mad; but God be thanked, I am sane now! Did you know the physician's verdict yourself, Mary?"

"Yes."

"And—"

"I was willing to die!"

"*Dear* Mary!"

"Will you give Mary to me?" said Allen to Uncle Robert, a few hours after.

Uncle Robert had some knowledge of the long years Mary had waited for her faithless lover, and a grave look overclouded his usual blithe smiling face.

"Mary, my child, have you perfect, unlimited confidence and trust in this man?"

She looked up into the sad, serious face of Allen, and met the earnest, loving glance with as loving a smile; then laying her hand within his, she turned to her uncle:

"As firm a faith as I have in you, dear Uncle Robert. I need say no more."

The old man laid his hand over the two that were clasped together.

"Take her, Allen, and never forget you have won an angel."

The prophecy was fulfilled. In a foreign land she was "the loved and honored wife" of Allen Heywood.

THE RIFLE.

Rev. Mr. Milburn, in his recent lecture, under the head of "The Rifle," spoke of the boys of Kentucky, in the early period of her history, as possessing great courage and manliness at a very early age, and illustrated that trait in their character by an example or two. He might have given one or even more in point than any he selected.

On one occasion, in a terrible fight with a party of Indians on the Ohio River—the last that was ever known to be fought on that river—almost all the men were killed, although the Indians were driven off at last.

After the battle was over, a little boy, about twelve years of age, by the name of Pinsent, came up from the cabin of the boat to the captain, and asked him to take a bullet out of his head. This was done with great coolness. On examination, it appeared that the bullet had passed through the side of the boat and lodged in his forehead, under the skin.

The captain took it out, and the boy observing "That's not all," raised his arm, and exhibited a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off, and hung only by a piece of skin.

The mother of the boy being then present, exclaimed:

"Why did you not tell me of this?"

"Because," said he, coolly, "the captain directed us to be silent during the action, and I thought that you would be likely to make a noise if I told you."—*Boston Telegraph.*

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC, and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1855. 12mo. pp. 362. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We are pleased to see the twenty-sixth number of this old, established work. It appears with the unvarying punctuality of the orb whose movements it records, and is the "right-hand" volume—so to speak—of editors, politicians, surveyors, and all who have to deal with statistics.

HUMANITY IN THE CITY. By Rev. E. H. CHAPIN. New York: DeWitt & Davenport. Boston: Abel Tompkins.

Here is a series of eight discourses, written in Chapin's heartful, independent, vigorous and lucid style—a style which, from the first hour of his pulpit experience, commended itself to the multitude, who are fond of such qualities as characterize it, and which laid the foundation of his wide popularity. We most earnestly commend the volume to all sects and circles, confident that it must be serviceable to every heart that opens to the words of eloquent experience.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ALBUM TRIBUTE.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

Might I crave a boon from the Father above,
A blessing to rest upon one I love,
A beautiful gift, which in times of sorrow
Would point the soul to a bright to-morrow—
A happier day;
I would ask not for fame or worldly renown,
I would ask not for pleasure's glittering crown—
But the prayer of my heart for its loved, should be,
Give her faith, O Father, and trust in thee.
Faith's glorious ray.

Give her beauty of soul, with calm, holy trust,
Sustaining the spirit, when "dust to dust"
Is the mandate given—when mortality's hour
Is hastening to close, and death's chilling power
Is felt at last.
O give her rich beauty which never shall fade,
A soul in its garments of light arrayed;
A spirit of purity, which shall aspire
To the noble, and true, till quenched is life's fire,
Death's anguish past.

Grant her wealth, the blest wealth of a loving heart,
To comfort the mourning the power impart;
To weep with the sorrowing, while in others' joy,
Her heart shall find blessing without alloy.
So may it be.
Faith, beauty, and wealth, a glorious array
To dwell in the soul—ever day by day,
Sending forth their rich fruits. O this is the prayer,
From a true heart rising on the still air,
Maiden for thee.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MRS. MILES'S PIN MONEY.

A STORY FOR THE NEWLY MARRIED.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

Abel Miles was a man of fortune. At least the business world so said; but, in fact, nobody knew the real amount of his worldly possessions, and being a shrewd man, he took very good care that his neighbors should know less of his business than himself.

Abel Miles was still a single man. A bachelor of forty, of preposses-ing exterior, polished in manners, affable in discourse, and intelligent beyond a question.

But no wife? You would hardly think Abel needed one, should you just get a peep into the elegant suit of rooms exclusively set apart for the use of the fastidious merchant,—a private table, where a few particular friends could dine with him on a choice bit,—sofas of the most luxurious softness, where he could throw himself for an after-dinner lounge, with no danger of having his nose pulled by a brood of wild children, who are "only playing with papa, and must on no account be snubbed, the dear little plagues,"—no servant to drive him out of his domicil an hour before his will prompts him to go, to sweep the room and dust the furniture. Surely Abel Miles is quite comfortable enough without a wife.

Herein was the great virtue of Abel's character, for he prided himself on being able to resist the sweetest smiles, from the sweetest of damsels. For ten, yes, fifteen years, he had backed in the sunshine of woman's approval, and yet had never bent his knee to sue for the slightest favor.

Our hero had, some how, let the absurd idea creep into his brain, that a wife was at the root of all domestic difficulties, of all financial embarrassments, in fact, a sort of gun-powder magazine at the foundation of all money affairs, that was in constant danger of exploding and blowing the whole concern, private and public, into confusion and chaos. How, pray, was this? Why simply by what a woman calls her "pin money." Ah! this it is that undermines fortunes, and brings about heavy failures,—the money going out by driblets, drop, dropping away, till the whole is scattered past gathering up again.

Abel Miles had too many discontented husbands to dine with him, who should have been at their own tables; too many sour bachelors, who never could have had establishments of their own, with wives at the head of them, by any possible means; too many club victims, all of whom found defence for their own neglect of duty, by scourging the poor wives of rich men.

Here, over the choicest wines, was the extravagance of women duly discussed. Herein was found a reason for the great embarrassments in trade. The money that was spent for finery was not to be counted. It was lamentable,—it was disgraceful!

As a compensation to Abel for persisting in his bachelorhood, nature crowded into one little corner of his brain this absurd monstrosity, and there it fumed and boiled away, till the smoke of the internal cauldron formed itself into a thick screen over his perceptive faculties, so that it was impossible to see clearly what was as plain as daylight to ordinary beholders.

There always comes a time in every person's life, when he is tried in his weakest points. So it was with Abel Miles. He had lived fifteen years in the very midst of fascinations, and had bravely resisted them all, for the plain reason that he had never been tempted. He was not a man to fall in love with every lady he escorted to the theatre, and the "right one" had not appeared that was to take the strong, self-willed man captive.

Now comes Abel's time of trial. An old school-friend, many years lost sight of, living in a southern city, came on business to our metropolis, and registered his name at the very hotel where our hero had his sumptuous lodgings. Moreover, he brought along with him as pretty a daughter as ever a man had to be proud of,—lively, musical, and accomplished in all the graces of early womanhood, yet preserving, through all, her merry girl life, natural, unaffected, and really beautiful.

Abel Miles saw Jennie, and did just what he would have done had the same pretty girl danced before his eyes ten years before,—he fell in love at first sight. In vain did Abel strive to convince himself it was not love. His uncomfortable feelings could be ascribed to various causes. A fit of gout, of dyspepsia, of neuralgia,—his symptoms belonged to each of these direful diseases. Sleeplessness, restless days, disrelish for his club, his newspaper, and the conversation of his cronies.

No, no,—it will never do, Mr. Abel Miles. The malady is plainly a fit of love, and there is no royal road to sneak out of it. Prompt and decided action now will only avail. Sweep the cobwebs from your cranium, the dust out of your mind, the silly quirks you have boasted of as virtues, and lead the fair sinner to the marriage altar,—no other cure for you.

The poor man had a long and severe struggle with his prejudice, before he showed himself a sensible man enough to offer his fortune and his distressed heart to the daughter of his old friend. But he did it at last, like a man, but reserved for himself the privilege of drawing upon paper a few articles for his future application, that would relieve him of the fears that had hitherto haunted him.

Abel's old associates rallied him, as they well might, on his sudden change of views on matrimony, and as a sort of apology for doing such an indiscreet act, he told them his intended plan. First, the wife of Abel Miles would have no separate purse. It was giving women too much power, too much authority by far. If every man would do as he, Abel Miles, would do, there would not be so many Lucy Stones, or Rev. Antoinettes lecturing and preaching, keeping society in a perfect bedlam, and spiriting on the wives of honest men to family discord and open rebellion. It was a bad idea for a woman to earn money. It would do well enough for the poor—these were exceptions to the general rule —he was now talking about the wives of men of fortune.

He, Abel Miles, knew perfectly well a woman's needs. His wife should be as well dressed as anybody in the city of Boston. She should never blush to find herself eclipsed by the richest of them, but he should reserve the right of ordering her wardrobe, or, at least, of holding the purse in his own hands.

"Ah! but there's the 'pin money,'" retorted his bachelor tormentors; "your wife must surely have 'pin money.'"

"Good gracious, no; that is just what I wish to avoid. She may have a hundred dollar bill to buy a brocade, but no driblets, mark me for that."

"Well, we wish you joy and good luck in your plan. We will keep an eye on you, friend Abel, and if your rule works, we'll follow in your footsteps."

The nuptials were all that could be expected, in point of elegance, parade, and outlay of money. The house on Beacon Street was no hired tenement, but belonged to the man whose name was engraved on the door-plate—Abel Miles. His carpets and sofas were the best, his halls were spacious, his table was loaded with silver, and his wife prettier than ever in her rich adornings.

For a few years, Abel's articles that he had drawn up for his future application, worked admirably, for just this reason, Jennie's father was an indulgent parent, and petted his pretty daughter as long as he had her under his own roof, and was not unmindful of her future happiness when he resigned her to his old friend. Thus, when he had arranged his daughter's marriage portion, and proudly placed it in the hand of his son-in-law, he was careful to reserve a sum as a bridal present to his Jennie, and when he slipped it into her hand, he whispered, very softly, "Only a little pin money, love. It's not necessary to speak of it at all to your husband,—nothing to do with your marriage portion, that is all arranged."

Jennie took the roll of bills, kissed her thanks, at the same time laughing as she said:

"This will buy a great many pins, father."

"No matter, Jennie, I don't know much about such matters, but your mother says every woman needs a little pin money; but perhaps your husband don't understand that as he will by-and-by. So I have provided you with a trifle to draw upon for the first year."

Jennie had a very elegant wardrobe when she became Mrs. Abel Miles. In fact there seemed no possible occasion for her to require clothing of any description for years to come. But silks will fade, and every woman knows that a French hat is good for nothing after the first three months' wear; gloves are tender, and laces and embroidery wear thin and yellow all too soon. So there did come a time, at the end of a *very few* years, when the pin money was actually expended.

So far, things had gone on swimmingly. The delighted husband had never once heard the word money uttered in his house. Jennie was always elegantly dressed, and superintended the table, when her lord was wont to bring his gentleman friends to dine, with a grace quite captivating.

It was often the boast of Abel Miles, that he, fortunate man, had found one woman in the world who had no need for "pin money." His married gentleman friends looked on wonderingly. They eyed most minutely each article of apparel on the modest wife. They saw everything in its place, everything in perfect taste, and all without "pin money." Here was, indeed a secret.

The wives of the aforesaid married gentlemen heard rather more on this subject than was agreeable to them. They occasionally met and talked over the matter among themselves. Their tact, or common sense, told them how it was with Mrs. Abel Miles; it was quite plain to them, but they failed to convince their husbands. At length Mrs Abel Miles's "pin money" became a by-word among the ladies, and often to the great chagrin of their dear lords, who did not quite relish any fun at their expense.

But to hasten on. When Jennie reached the bottom of her father's purse, she very innocently said to her husband one day, blushing a little, it is true, at this, her first request for money, that if it was quite convenient, she would like a few small bills, just a very few, a little "pin money."

Good heavens! Abel Miles stood like one petrified. Jennie looked bewildered, and blushed deeper, little dreaming of the dangerous ground on which she was treading.

The husband was confused beyond all power of expression, and knew as little what to do in the emergency, as though he had never had a day's experience as "head of a family." Before his affrighted vision stalked a ghastly picture of ruin; houses, banks, lands, all being swiftly hurled into confusion. This survey brought back his senses, and with as firm a voice as he could command, he answered:

"What is your need, Mrs. Miles? I will myself do you the honor of sending home your demands."

Without waiting to hear what the orders might possibly be, the poor crest fallen Abel caught his hat and rushed into the street in the greatest trepidation of mind, leaving Jennie to make what she could out of her husband's strange answer to her very reasonable request.

That same day a bundle was left at the door for Mrs. Abel Miles. Jennie quickly unrolled the package, and her eye fell on a superb brocade silk.

"What can my husband mean, by ordering another of these rich garments? I have at least a half dozen, that will long be 'out of fashion' before they are soiled. I wish in my heart he would give me ten dollars, to furnish my workbox and pay a small bill to my laundress. Men never seem to think we can possibly want any articles of clothing but dresses."

Jennie said nothing about her disappointment, and laid the dress away. A fortnight hence her wants urged her to venture a second request. "A small amount, to buy a few trifling articles; in fact, a little 'pin money.'"

Now Abel Miles grew quite angry. He felt as if a whole paper of pins were sticking into his flesh. He smothered his wrath as well as he could, saying only a few words, but these few sounded very strangely to Jennie's ear. She was a proud woman, and so at once made up her mind never again to repeat her request for money. Then how was she to get it, pray? Trust to a woman's tact for that. We will see.

Jennie had no reason to complain of her husband's attention to her *uncommon* wants. No woman rode through the city more elegantly attired than Mrs. Abel Miles. There was no end to the superb dresses, the rich embroidery, the velvet mantillas, and the French hats, that came to the house expressly by her husband's orders. This would have done very well, had he enclosed in each new garment a ten dollar bill to pay the dress maker, to buy the silk and trimmings that are quite as necessary to the completion of the garment as the bare material.

Jennie had too much pride to ask her seamstress to make a bill for a few days' work, and by far too much feeling to make her laundress wait week after week for doing up her embroidery. So, like a sensible woman, she resolved to sew her own dresses and iron her laces as best she could. The result of the matter was, that where as formerly, when Mr. Abel Miles brought home gentleman friends to dine, he was sure to find Jennie in good spirits, nicely attired, doing her honors gracefully, she now often presented a red face, from bending over heated irons, or seemed nervous and tired, from close confinement to her needle.

Abel grew quite fidgety, over what he was pleased to call his family discomforts. He desired, above all things, that his model wife should show off well. She was a part of his establishment, and it amazed him to come home with old cronies and find her looking jaded, or half sick. Just in the same way might he have fretted to have found his silver table-service tarnished, or his carpets dusty. It was all the same kind of trouble,—poor, poor man!

Jennie soon found that she must have "pin money" from some quarter. She could make her own dresses, iron her own muslins, but she could not make needles or thread, nor plain cotton cloth, and these she must have, nevertheless. So Jennie hit upon an expedient that did her great credit, and proved to be just the thing needed to bring about a right understanding upon domestic matters.

Now it so happened, a most fortunate circumstance, truly, that Jennie had no children to demand her care. I say fortunate, considering the thousand and one little wants of babyhood, that never could have been brought to the understanding of a man like Abel Miles, and his poor wife would have been put to her "wit's end" to have attempted to bring up a family of children without "pin money," and a plenty of it, too.

Yes, dear, little, unborn treasures, most sincerely do I congratulate you on your non-appearance into this state of being. No doubt you would have been amply supplied with Kossuth hats, with beautiful waving plumes, fine cloth coats with silver lacings, and the nursery would have been well filled with huge rocking-horses, and great lumbering playthings; but "ten to one" you never would have seen "Mother Goose," or a penny whistle, or a gingham pinafore. What greater misfortune, then, could have happened to you, under these circumstances, than to have been born?

Jennie now had a plan, as well as her husband, but she drew up no articles on paper, nor boasted that she would abide by them. She went to work very quietly, and with a woman's good sense in meeting an uncommon emergency.

We may as well here say that Jennie had a musical turn. Indeed, she had an exquisite taste for music, with a fine voice for singing,—an accomplishment that gave her husband great pride and delight. She now resolved to make use of this gift to supply her needs.

Jennie kept her plan in her mind some time, with her eyes wide open to avail herself of some rare opportunity. Her intimate friend was taken into the secret, the better to aid her in the practical application of her project. The matter was managed with the most profound secrecy, and thus it was brought about.

A rich gentleman, an acquaintance of Jennie's friend, wished to employ a private instructress in music for his two daughters. As the gentleman had not been long a resident in the city, he readily availed himself of the assistance of Jennie's confidant, who interested herself in procuring for him one qualified for the office. Jennie was the person recommended and employed. There was no possible means of her incognito being discovered, as the gentleman went very little into society, his wife being an invalid, and he a man fond of home and quiet life.

Now see Mrs. Abel Miles, attired in a dress of plain material, wearing a close straw hat, with a green sunshade, carrying in her hand a roll of music, starting off on her new duties. It took but an hour of each day, and as her time was quite at her disposal, Jennie found no difficulty. In fine, she came to enjoy it vastly. Her pupils were pleasant young girls, and the employment quite to her taste.

Jennie rejoiced much over her success. Talk and argue the matter of money expenditures she never could, or would do, but she hoped to convince her husband, in a more practical way, of the unreasonableness of his whim.

One day, as Jennie was hastening home from her music lessons, she was greatly fluttered by seeing a carriage standing at her door, and her husband helping out two elegantly attired ladies. What was she to do now? She was on the opposite side of the street, but quite near to them; but her thick veil and plain dress did not betray her to her husband.

Here was, indeed, a dilemma. Jennie could not enter the house except at the front entrance, without setting the whole array of Irish servants staring with curiosity at the strange appearance of their mistress. She did not wish to compromise the dignity of her husband's house, by thus appearing in their midst. What could she do? There she stood, in a plain gingham morning dress, a black silk, unadorned mantilla, with a roll of music in her hand.

"Very well," thought Jennie, "the crisis must come sometime, let it come now. I would have saved my husband this mortification before his friends, could I do so, but as it is, I will go through it as gracefully as possible."

So Mrs. Miles stepped across the street, and met her husband, face to face, just as he was handing his ladies up the front steps.

Imagine, if it is possible for you to do so, the horror, depicted on the face of the fastidious, fussy man. The ladies were both strangers to Jennie, old friends of her husband, and when Mrs. Miles observed this, she regretted more than ever the unforeseen circumstance that had thrown Abel into such dismay.

Poor man,—what was he to do? He could not disown his wife at his own door, especially as she soon would be obliged to re-appear in the parlor to receive her guests. All he could do was to utter a hasty exclamation, and introduce his wife to his friends.

Jennie received the ladies with her usual grace and sweetness of manner. They would not allow her to withdraw to arrange her toilet, as their visit must necessarily be a hasty call. So Mrs. Miles sat down amid her elegant furniture, still holding the vexed music roll in her hand, and did her best to entertain her visitors.

The ladies were charmed with Jennie's affability, and were too highly bred to show surprise at the negligee of her toilet. In fact, it was quite out of their mind by the time the call was ended; but the fussy man was quite beside himself with vexation, and he exaggerated the impropriety of the act quite out of all sense of reason. These matters of dress are quite small sources of regret to women, oftentimes, when they seem to men like serious evils.

The visitors away, Jennie found her husband not in his usual polite mood, who, unable longer to conceal his vexation, half-pettishly requested an explanation.

Jennie, in a very quiet manner, revealed her secret, and related the whole matter of her "pin money" embarrassments; her pride, that would not allow her to employ a seamstress or laundress, without the means of honestly remunerating them at the time of the completion of their task; her own feelings in regard to urging a repeated reasonable request, and the expedient to which she had actually been driven, for want of a little forethought on his part.

Jennie told her story remarkably well. In fact, she was well prepared for it, having conned it over in her mind some fifty times, in view of the day of explanation.

We forbear to dwell long on the mortification of Abel Miles. "Mrs. Miles, the wife of Abel Miles, doing her own ironing, sewing her dresses, and actually turning music teacher, working for *wages*, in the house of a man living on an income less than his own." To be humbled, too, before his old friends, the very two women, above all others, that he desired to impress with the unusual elegance of his home and wife, the beautiful, accomplished wife he had boasted so much of to them. What a downfall to his pride. Again we repeat, poor, poor man!

Jennie was forced to commiserate her husband on the ridiculous ending of her little play. She surely would have avoided thus meeting his friends for the first time, could she have foreseen the circumstance, and she honestly told him so; but this did not mend the matter much.

Abel could say very little to defend himself. He saw things in a new light. He was pretty thoroughly convinced now of the need of a woman's private purse, and that very day he put one into the hand of his wife, with many injunctions to remind him when it should again be empty, should he be remiss in his duty.

Mrs. Miles has had no reason to hint at "pin money" since the fatal day when the pride of her liege lord received its great humiliating shock.

Strange to say, but so it was, that from this day, Abel Miles's respect for his wife rose a hundred per cent. He knew very well, from the first, that Jennie was the prettiest, most charming woman in the world, but he had not looked for so much energy of character, so much inborn pride and delicacy of nature, so much endurance of a real evil. It was, indeed, a new and strange revelation of woman's character, and it was as beautiful as it was wonderful to him.

"Yes, yes," mattered Abel, over his counting-room books, "yes, Alexandre Dumas said one wise thing, if no more. I am just of his opinion, 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made,' particularly women."

Jester's Picnic.

A gentleman in Alabama, in exerting himself one day, felt a sudden pain, and fearing his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, who made some pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro, having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who, on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had given his master.

"Rosin and alum, sir!" promptly responded Bob.

"What did you give them for!" continued the doctor

"Why," replied Bob, "de alum to draw de parts togedder, and de rosin to sodder um."

The patient eventually recovered.

One of the Dignitaries.—It is related—we do not affirm the truth of the story—of one of the country members of the Great and General Court, that, arriving in Boston by one of the late trains on the day of the opening of the session, he rushed immediately to the State House, and after some trouble in finding the Representative's Hall, hurried to the Speaker's desk, and saluted that august presence as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, good morning; how d'ye do? Rather late; missed the cars. *I wish you would show me up to my room right off!*"

That representative has got a good deal to learn before spring.

On New Year's night, writes a correspondent, I chanced to hear a little girl, scarcely old enough to lisp the words, say her evening prayer. It was after this manner: Now I lay me down—"Does Santa Klaus come every night, mother?"—to sleep, I pray—"Did aunty give me the red doll or the black one?"—the Lord my soul to keep. And if I—"Mother, don't you think Santa Klaus was very good to bring me so many presents?"—die before I wake, I pray the Lord "Mother, does Santa Klaus come down the chimney?"—my soul to take.

Brown—not the Jersey ferryman, but Brown, the sexton of Grace Church—Brown, the factotum at all the fashionable balls and funerals of the metropolis of New York, who holds official relations with all the gravities as well as gaieties of the upper ten—even Brown has felt the pressure of hard times. But he meets them, as all who know him would expect, like a philosopher. "Yes," said he, the other night, to a sympathizing friend, "there are not many parties or balls this winter, but *I make the funerals as pleasant as possible!*"

Not long since, one of the learned counsel in a small suit deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of a Mr. Samuel Butterworth, by impugning his veracity. A witness was called to the stand.

"Do you know Samuel Butterworth?"

"Yes."

"What is Butterworth?"

"Two and ten-pence a pound, although some folks have paid as high as three shillings."

"I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt."

"Why—how so? How do you know how much salt I give them?"

"I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us daily! You say that salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know."

"O, yes,—well, I shouldn't wonder if that was the cause."

There are certain exciting epochs in a woman's life that are never forgotten; such as, for instance, the first time she carries a parasol, the first time she receives a Valentine, the first time she goes to an evening party, the first time a proposal is made to her, the first time she wears a velvet dress, and the first time she puts on a wedding-ring.

An exchange says: Once on Lake Ontario in an old tub of a steamer, a substitute for the regular boat, bound, at the rate of six miles an hour, from Oswego to Niagara river, we asked the skipper if he meant to take the usual route, via Toronto. "Go to Toronto in this thing!" was his answer, "I would as soon undertake to drive a toad through a barrel of tar!"

"Jack, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?"

"No, father; you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought it would rain before long, I have laid the umbrella up."

A few days ago, says the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, a smart little fellow of about seven summers, went up to a fruit stand, and rising on tiptoe, peeped over at the fruit, remarking, as he extended a dime, "I think I will buy a few apples to take home to the *children*."

Many members of the legal profession regard the siege of Sebastopol in the light of an action of ejectment. Behind this case, however, lies a more extensive issue; the prosecutors having determined to dispute the will of Peter the Great.

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